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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Past.

What glorious memories throng around me now
And wake the spell with sunny feelings rife;
The spirit of the past is gathering round my brow
And by-gone ages wake to magic life.

The pale ancestral nations of the tomb
Are born again 'neath thy Promethean power,
On every arch the festive chaplets bloom
And love's wild notes are heard within thy bower.

A shadowy voice from tent and banquet hall
Is echoed by the tone of vision dim,
Like the low murmurs of the ocean's call
When summer winds have sigh'd their evening hymn.

At every shrine some flower wreath'd beauty kneels
To guard this home of pure and lovely things,
Around, each viewless form in pageant steals
Like some bright spirit on its noiseless wings.

Thy sons whose eloquence like liquid fire
Has shone upon thee like a glowing brand
Pluck'd from the embers of thy funeral pyre
To shed fresh light on thee thou beauteous land.

Thy bards breathe music on each song crown'd hill
To herald forth each burning thought of thee,
And in the whispers of each classic rill
Are heard the notes of love and chivalry.

—'Ere now I seem to gaze upon that sun lit strand
To list the cadence of its bending groves,
The ghosts of ages throng that peopled land
And memory's busy phantom breathes and moves.

Still 'mid thy ruins lives a lingering spell
That round thee throws its mystic witchery,
Around thy altars still there seems to dwell
The halo of some bright and glorious panoply.

The past is all mine own—upon its time worn page
I love to ponder by the midnight gleams
Unharmed amid the withering hand of age
It still survives—thou land of all my dreams.

Philada. 1840. S. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Megrim in Paris.

BY R. M. WALSH, ESQ.

A cafe—the Boulevards—Column of the Place Vendome—the garden of the Tuilleries—Louvre—Place de la Concorde—Champs Elysees—A French dinner—Tortoni's ices.

There can be little doubt that most of those who have enjoyed the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the French metropolis, will be disposed to coincide, to a certain extent, in the assertion that *on vit la, on vegete a illeurs*; and whilst they feel that their "first best country always is at home," will look upon it as the next most desirable residence in this sublunary sphere. Where else in their peregrinations did they breathe an atmosphere of such exhiliration and life; where else did they satisfy every wish with so much facility and certainty; where else did they dare to create wants, from the conviction that their amplest gratification could be immediately obtained; where else, in short, did they find such a combination of every thing that can delight, instruct, and improve?

The chief source of the pleasure which a stranger derives from a sojourn in Paris, arises naturally from the characters of the people. Their universal gaiety, sowing, as it does, every path with flowers, operates with irresistible influence upon his temperament, however gloomy or morbid. When he beholds every countenance illumined with a smile, he cannot prevent his own muscles from relaxing, and the endless variety of the means of enjoyment, which the national propensity for spending time agreeably has provided, does not allow them ever to relapse into a melancholy posture. Whatever may be the strength of the blue fiends who have subjected him to their despotism, they cannot resist the effect of the first sally which he makes into the streets, any more than darkness can withstand the approach of the orb of day. Behold him as he issues in the morning of a superb spring-day from the hotel in which he had deposited himself the evening before, with feelings "darkly, desperately *blue*," from the malign influence which a debut in a strange place, when all the solitude of a crowd is felt in its fullest force, exercises upon spirits jangled out of tune? He goes into a cafe to get his breakfast, looking as if he would turn all the milk of the establishment sour, and takes his seat at one of the tables whose attractive neatness affords some little ray of consolation by the hope that it excites of a comfortable meal, which the articles brought to him do not disappoint. As he sips such coffee, and eats such bread as he never sipped or ate before, varying the occupation with an occasional taste of an omlet prepared in a style which not even a blue devil can refuse to relish, he begins to feel as if he might hazard a glance at the persons by whom he is surrounded, without engendering a quarrel by the look; and his eyes resting in the first place upon the female who sits upon an elevation behind the counter, on which fruits and other delicacies are arranged in tempting rows, he is somewhat surprised to find her a tolerable looking person; then allowing them to roam about, he beholds on one side of him a well dressed individual dividing his time between a cup of *cafe au lait* and a newspaper; on the other, a couple engaged in the earnest discussion of a dish of cutlets, and the manner in which Taglioni danced on the preceding evening; opposite him a party of four, laughing and joking with the most perfect unrestraint, but without the slightest boisterousness, and surrounding a collection of dishes and bottles, which induces him to feel an almost irresistible inclination to propound the same question as that which was put by the inquisitive Yankee under similar circumstances, and cost him his life in the duel it occasioned—"May I be so bold, is that your breakfast or your dinner?" and various other groups and individuals in different parts, all engaged in their own way without interfering with their neighbors, by those prying looks and ears erect, which would be universally observable in such a scene in some other countries. Remarking also, the beautiful appearance of the saloon with its gorgeous gilding, superb chandeliers and walls sheeted on every side with splendid mirrors reflecting and multiplying ad infinitum all that it contains; he yields to something like a sensation of pleasure, at what really appears to him to be a handsome as well as a novel spectacle. He now thinks that he might muster resolution enough to run over a journal, and asks the *garcon* to give him one—a request that is scarcely out of his mouth, when the gentlemen on his right and his left tender him some that are lying on their tables, with a courtesy which brings as near to an expression of thanks upon his visage as he can, will be expected to summon, and awakens the idea in his mind, that, stranger as he is, he need not be so isolated a being as he conceives himself. The genial current continues to thaw. He reads paper after paper, interested in the political, and not altogether disgusted with the lighter articles of various kinds with which they are filled. At length he repairs to the counter to pay his bill with a reasonable diminution of that acidity of face which made the fair damsel stare at him in his entrance, with as much amazement as if he were an animal of another genus, makes quite a polite bow as he places the money in her hands, and on hearing the delicious tone, and beholding the still more delicious smile with which she says *merci, monsieur*, absolutely opens his lips and wishes her good day, departing with an indistinct impression that this is a pleasant mode of taking one's morning repast.

He advances into the street, which he soon learns to be the Boulevards, and at first is somewhat stunned by the superabundant animation amid which he is thrown——the bustle of jostling crowds, the cries of innumerable hawkers of catch-penny articles, the noise of carriages, omnibusses, and every other species of vehicle—but recovering himself before the fiends are able to regain complete possession of the ground they have lost, he proceeds on his way, and insensibly the variety of amusing and attractive spectacles which he encounters, induces oblivion of self. Now, a multitude collected about a show, arrests his progress, and by their ebullitions of delight, awake something like a sympathetic feeling in his bosom, which the beauty or the humor of the exhibition does not fail to assist; anon a tribe of wandering musicians, executing the finest compositions in admirable style, breathe concord into his soul; here he cannot help stopping to admire the marvellous ingenuity of a penny-turner, displayed in the articles which he exposes for sale, and observing how endless are the devices of necessity in an over-crowded metropolis; there he is again detained by the glittering splendor of a jeweller's window, or by the more elevated attractions of that of a vender of prints, where his eye is fascinated by unrivalled specimens of the graver's art, and the corners of his mouth are relaxed by caricatures replete with philosophy and wit. But above all do the pleased expression and light hearted step of every one whom he meets, which in the outset make him almost wonder what fortunate incident of general influence has occurred to create such invariable satisfaction, operate upon his feelings and appearance, tinging them both with the prevalent hue; and before he has gone very far, he casts off the slough of despondency, the genial current flows with little impediment, and he is prepared in great measure to appreciate and derive an adequate enjoyment from the curiosities of the place.

He reaches the corner of a spacious street, which empties itself, as it were, into the Boulevards, and looking down it, his eye is caught by a beautiful monument of bronze, proudly lifting its head to the skies in the centre of what an Hibernian might call a circular square—and beyond, something that has the appearance of a park. Bending his steps in that direction, he arrives at the column of the Place Vendome, the memorial of the most splendid victory achieved by the greatest captain of modern times. As he stands absorbed in contemplation of its exquisite beauty, mingled with varying reflections on the character of the singular being by whom it was erected, and the instability of all human grandeur, never so strongly exemplified as in the fate of that seeming controller of destiny, he is accosted by a person who with marvellous volubility of eloquence depicts the *beaute incroyable* of the view from the summit to tempt him to expend a franc for permission to mount. Yielding to the enticement, he disburses his coin, and furnished with a light to illumine his way, "winds up the steep with toilsome march;" but before reaching the middle of it, he is ready to give up the ghost from suffocation and fatigue. On emerging, however, into the blaze of day, he is amply repaid for his sufferings by the prospect of the city and its environs which is unfolded before his eyes. On one side the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, glistening in the sun and telling the story of the fickleness and frivolity of the Parisians, whom Napoleon diverted from sedition by occupying their minds with its adornment; on another, the cupola of the Pantheon, towering above every surrounding object, as if it were the receptacle of the spirits of the illustrious worthies whose mortal remains lie mouldering in the vaults beneath, from which they look down with mingled commiseration and contempt upon the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth, again the neighboring palace and garden of the Tuilleries; the Champs Elysees, swarming with human beings who seem to have been transported from Lilliput; the Palace of the Deputies, the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where "each in his narrow cell for ever laid," the forefathers, fathers and relatives of all kinds, rude and polished, of the good people of the city, sleep the sleep of ages; Montmartre, renowned in the belligerent annals of the place, and other objects of interest, successively attract his gaze, until, becoming conversant with the details, he is enabled to appreciate the entire view.

Descending the terra firma, he pursues his way from the column down the arcaded *rue de Castiglione* to the garden of the Tuilleries, into which he enters, invited by the aspect of its umbrageous alleys, impervious to the sun. As it is not, however, in its glory, until the afternoon, when it is thronged by promenaders of all descriptions, he proceeds to the palace, and passing through into the court yard on the other side, comes to the triumphal arch of the place *Carousel* and beholds the magnificent pile of the Louvre stretching illimitably before him. Desirous of inspecting the famous gallery, he asks a person whom he encounters as he goes under the arch, to direct him to it. This the other not only does, but with almost troublesome politeness, insists upon accompanying him to show the way, and it is with great difficulty that he prevents him from incommoding himself till farther by acting as his Cicerone in the examination of the marvels of the place. Showing his passport as a stranger to the door-keeper, and inscribing his name and residence in the book of visiters, he is admitted *gratis*, and from that time until four in the afternoon, when the doors are closed, he feasts his eyes at a banquet, the equal of which cannot be enjoyed out of Italy.

Returning then to the garden of the Tuilleries, he witnesses a scene which, if he is still tormented by any remnants of the blues, soon puts them to flight. The principal walks, thronged with promenaders of every variety of dress and appearance, from the unrivalled toilette of the belle to the well-powdered hair, buckled breeches and silk stockings, and gold-headed cane of the watchfully polite old gentleman of the *ancien regime*, keeping his hat in his hand as much perhaps for the purpose of having it off as he passes the ladies as for any other cause; the alleys, thickly sprinkled with occupants of chairs hired for a sous a-piece, which, it is said, belong to the king, who appropriates the proceeds to the culture of a beautiful row of orange trees that certainly do not waste their sweetness on the desert air; here a whole family, father, mother, bonne, and little children, the two first watching and laughing at the antics of the last, and the nurse sufficiently well employed in keeping the urchins within proper bounds; there a grand flirtation between a dame who, if she were to complain of any one's passing without looking at her, might well extort a repetition of Fontenelle's famous compliment, "Ah, madame, si je vous avais regarde, je n 'aurais pas pu passer," and a whiskered and mustachioed cavalier, and *incroyable marveilleux* of the first water, "raining sacrificial whisperings" and soft nonsense in the ear; groups of persons conning newspapers around what seem at first to be sentry-boxes, but which he finds on investigation to be inhabited by nicely attired damsels, with a goodly number of journals piled upon shelves, with which they accommodate quidnuncs in consideration of a penny for each one that is read—every thing, in short, appears to exclaim "hence loathed melancholy," with as much earnestness as the poet of *l'Allegro* himself.

Going out at the principal gate of the garden, he finds himself in the *Place de la Concorde*, in the middle of which a small monument once stood to indicate the spot where Louis XVI. was guillotined; but this memorial of crime has been removed, and an Egyptian obelisk now occupies its place. As he beholds the multitude with which the area is thronged, so peaceable and good-humored, he scarcely credits the possibility of their ever being excited to such phrenzied rage as impelled them to the perpetration of the bloody tragedy, and the long series of horrors by which it was followed, any more than the traveller gazing upon the tranquil expanse of ocean unruffled by a breeze, can realise its aspect when lashed into fury by the tempest, dashing its waves against the very heavens, and threatening destruction to all within its sphere.

Passing through the *Place*, he reaches the Champs Elysees,

> Locos letos et amœna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas,

as the poet has called his Elysian fields, and the former are not unworthy of the description, such is the intrinsic beauty of the spot, the gaiety and joyousness which are ever reigning within their precincts. The very name, of course, would frighten away any devil, whether black or blue. Here he spends an hour or so, amused with the various games which are going on in all directions, or laughing at the juggles of mountebanks, or admiring the splendid equipages rolling along the grand avenue terminated by the *arc de l'Etoile*, one of the monuments of the pride and magnificence of Napoleon, until exercise and renovated spirits remind him that there is such a thing as the satisfaction of appetite in the economy of the human system. He accordingly repairs to the establishment of a *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal, and has soon no need to be informed that this satisfaction can nowhere else be obtained in such completeness as in Paris. A French dinner is no insignificant affair. There is something positively intellectual in it, not a few of the dishes requiring absolute genius and science in their preparation; and not a few of the *chefs de cuisine* are gentlemen of very elevated pretensions. The one who officiates at the *Rocher de Cancale*, the most celebrated of the *restaurans*, is said to receive no less than twenty-five thousand francs per annum. All that he does is legislative, so to speak. His mind only is employed, in *composing* dishes, promulgating the laws for their preparation, and superintending their execution. He never deigns to manipulate himself, never soils his fingers with the practical work of the kitchen, except, perhaps, on some momentous occasion, or when he has excogitated some new *entree* of a very delicate and elaborate character, requiring the utmost nicety of skill. Then, his reputation being at stake, he refuses no labor to preserve it unstained; and verily those whose palates have rejoiced in the efforts of his genius, will cheerfully acknowledge his right to fill the trump of fame. Is he not, indeed, more worthy to do so, ministering as he does, to the wants and comforts and pleasure of his fellow beings with such admirable efficiency than the hero whose ambition is the spring of unnumbered woes to mankind?

The scene which our gentleman witnesses in the restaurant is as exhilirating as any of the preceding ones which exercised so beneficial an influence upon his spirits. The various groups by whom he is surrounded offer good for the mind almost as delectable as that which is provided for the palate; whilst the eye is equally feasted by the splendor of the saloon and the gaiety of the spectacle. Especially is he amused by the quandary into which some of his neighbors, a party of Englishmen, are put by the *carte a manger*, the names of the dishes puzzling them quite as much as the letter of Hastinge perplexed that paragon of scholars, Anthony Lumpkin, Esq. After a protracted consultation, interspersed with sundry ejaculations of a national character, they decide upon calling for a dish whose sonorous and interminable little inspires them with the hope of getting something unrivalled in quality, and in quantity more than sufficient for them all. The garcon gives a malicious smirk as he receives their order, goes into the kitchen, and returns in a few minutes with—*one oyster* prepared in a particular way, which he sets down before them with the most provoking attention, delighted at the amazement and fury of the Messieurs Jean Bull. Our hero turns away his head to prevent his laughter from being perceived, and, in doing so, his eye falls upon an individual whose manner leaves no doubt of his freshness from the land of notions, who is looking rather surprised at receiving a second bowl of soup. Equally at a loss with the Englishmen as to what is what, he guessed that he would manage the matter pretty slickly by beginning at the top of the carte and asking for the dishes in succession, not being aware, unfortunately, that the first dozen names are those of different kinds of *potage*. As he finds the soup, however, capable, he makes no difficulty, but, suspecting the truth, he orders something in a totally opposite quarter in order to avoid any more liquid, and is accommodated with a delicious *beignet de pommes*, or apple fritters, having unluckily fallen upon the deserts. This second disappointment is too much for his equanimity, and he is about to apostrophise the waiter in language not the gentlest, when our hero steps in to his aid, and volunteers some useful information, though, with all his knowledge of the language, he finds himself often at fault. Again he is amused and interested by other individuals and groups, apparently from all the civilised countries of the globe, besides a goodly number of indigenous eaters of both sexes, and among them some whole families. Such a dinner-party he never attended before.

By the time he makes his exit "the sparkling stars," in the words of an old poet,

> "Amid the Heaven's face
> With twinkling light shine on the earth space;"

but their light produces no great effect amid the blaze of gas which illuminates the steps and the garden of the Palais Royal in every quarter, creating a scene of which itself alone can be its parallel. Sauntering along, he comes to a column on which are pasted play-bills innumerable, offering a choice of all kinds of dramatic entertainment, from the etheriolity of the opera down to the earthiness of the broadest farce. After a short hesitation, he determines to finish the good work of harmony which has been begun in his bosom, and resign himself to the influence of the spell that dwells in music's secret cells. He finds his way, accordingly, to the theatre where the voices of Grisi and Persiani, and Rubini and Tambusimi "make to the instruments divine respondence meet," and

> "Eftsoons he hears a most delicious sound
> Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
> Such as at once may not on living ground,
> Save in that only spot, be heard elsewhere."

The strain ceases; the curtain falls; and he is carried along out of the edifice by the stream of the audience, to the entrance of a cafe, magnificently adorned and illuminated, into which the crowd pours, making him fain do likewise. In the twinkling of an eye all the tables of the various rooms are surrounded by persons of both sexes eager to refresh their palates with the unrivalled ices of Tortoni. He calls for one, of course, like every body else, and if, after enjoying its delicious flavor, he does not order another, it is because the pleasure is forgotten in that of the eye amid the charms of the fascinating countenances which he beholds on every side. He lingers until the last, both to abandon a scene of such animation and brilliancy. As every thing, however, must have an end, he at length returns to his domicil, but with what different feelings from those with which he had set out from it in the morning!

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To * * * * .

No Lady I will bow no more,
Nor worship at thy shrine;
Nor sigh as I have sighed before,
Nor fondly call thee mine.

Oh! longer need I now delay
Thy constancy to prove?
Hast thou not turned thy heart away,
To seek another love?

To seek another love? O shame!
Is this a woman's faith?
A woman's love? that sacred flame
That brighter glows till death.

Till death! when six short-months efface
Such ardent love as thine,
Such holy vows, and plighted faith,
Forever to be mine.

But go be happy in the choice,
Which thou at last hast made,
I would not curse thee, faithless one!
But—may'st thou be betrayed. C. D.

From Blackwood's Magazine for Dec. 1840.

Post Mortem Musings.

A Ramble in a London Churchyard.

There is a large class of well-meaning people, who seem to think a gravestone without an epitaph, a mere wilful waste of so much good stone; and that *with* one, or rather *by* one, the claims of the departed to the consideration of the public are mightily strengthened—that a plain tombstone is considerably more respectable than a simple raised turf—but that a tombstone, with an epitaph to boot, is positively and indisputably genteel. Therefore it is that, as observes the cosmopolite Lieu Chi Altangi, "when the person is buried, the next care is to make his epitaph." Somewhere or other one must be discovered, and the surviving poets of the family set to work with all their might to supply the desideratum, much to their own satisfaction, and still more to the public amusement. The very stonemason's journeyman, as he chisels the doggerel, must laugh at its absurdity. There are two or three fine specimens of the would-be pathetic upon infants hereabouts.

> "Dear prattling babe, to both our hearts still dear,
> Long shall we bathe thy memory with a tear!
> Farewell! too promising on earth to dwell!
> Sweetest of fondlings! best of babes! farewell."

How people manage to bathe memories, I do not well understand; and as for the third line, it reminds me so irresistibly of Mrs. Kenwigs, and her "too beautiful, much too beautiful" offspring, that if I am, by such reminiscence, blinded to any real beauty in the composition, the shoulders of Boz must be content to bear at least a moiety of the blame. This is just the sort of composition which is bad enough to provoke criticism, without being, at the same time, sufficiently unassuming to disarm it. The pithy couplet—

> "Here lie I and my two daughters
> The devil take the Cheltenham waters!"

or the still more concise and laconic distich—

> "Here I lays,
> Kill'd by a chaise,"

are infinitely better in this respect. Here is another of them—

> "Affectionate baby once was I,
> Pride of my parent's hearts,
> Who sooth'd my sorrows when I cried,
> And press'd me to their breast."

Now, in this there is certainly no rhyme, and for it there is as certainly no reason. Somewhere hereabouts too, four lines, from one of the noblest passages that ever flowed from the pen of Walter Scott, have been pressed into the service, without, as far as I can discover, any very material improvement.

> "Genius and taste, and talent gone,
> For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
> Where, taming thought to *parents'* pride,
> *Our lovely babes sleep side by side*"—

the younger of the said "babes" having died at the age of *eleven*, and the elder at *sixteen*!

But a truce for a few moments with the bards of the gravestone, while I stop to read who owns this massive mausoleum, which towers unapproached in hugeness above the surrounding tombs of ordinary mortals. "The Family Grave of James Morison the Hygeist." What! and were pills in vain? "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it!" Well, peace be with him! He had in life many brethern, and even here in death he is not without the company of one congenial corpse.

I must, however, find room for two more—

> "Though rolling sun and moon smile on this stone,
> Which marks the spot of one whose virtues shone,
> Let wafting breezes forth this tribute send,
> He was the Brother, Husband, Father, Friend."

Taking it for granted that the sun *does* roll, at any rate in poetry; yet why he should entertain the slightest objection to the breezes sending forth any tribute they please, or what was the train of ideas which connected the second couplet with the first, is a problem which I am utterly unable to solve. The chain of thought is perhaps something like that which existed in the mind of a certain commercial traveller (of most unfortunate anonymousness), who, after passing a not very comfortable night in a Buckinghamshire market-town, saluted his obsequious host in the morning, with, "Well! Mr. Landlord! you may *well* call this place Stony Stratford, for I never was so bitten by fleas in all my life"—

> "May no *wolf howl*, no screech-owl stir
> A wing about thy sepulchre;
> No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
> *To starve or wither*
> *Thy soft sweet earth* (!) but, like a spring,
> Love keep it ever flourishing!"

Why, the very whisper of such a thing as a wolf, in this our nineteenth century, running about at midnight, and "howling," as Rosalind says, "against the moon" at Kendall Green, in the county of Middlesex, is enough to scare away in an opposite direction every funeral within twenty miles of the spot. The good people of the cemetery must have been either dozing, or standing aghast at some railway massacre close by, when they suffered to be erected an inscription so insidiously inimical to their speculation.

To be serious:—it is not a pleasant thing to visit the grave of a friend or a kinsman, and find a stranger laughing over his tombstone; still less pleasant is it to be one's-self the laughter under such circumstances; but it is a recontre which can hardly fail sometimes to take place, when such absurdities, in the way of epitaphs, are daily and hourly perpetrated; and it is one at which the mourner, pained though he may be, has at any rate but small reason to wonder.

Long, before noticed, stands the family tomb of no less a personage than Andrew Ducrow, of amphitheatrical notoriety—to my thinking a structure in very vile taste; but, while I was contemplating it, there came up a couple of rather dingy individuals, presenting the appearance of journeymen tailors out for a holyday, the one of whom remarked to the other, as he passed, "Well! I'm blessed if this ain't the best tomb here, after all;" and, as his companion replied by an acquiescent grunt, my opinion on the matter must not be implicitly relied on. It is a square massive piece of workmanship, garnished with a begging dog, in bronze, on either side the entrance, with Egyptian columns, sphinges, urns, and flowerpots, all of the same hue; and some angels with wreaths, and some horses with wings in relievo; the last-mentioned animals being (the wings always excepted) the only ornament for which I could perceive any reason. The only present occupant of the interior is the late Mrs. Ducrow, whose worth is commemorated in an ungrammatical and particularly ill-written inscription. For the "horse-taming Andrew" himself, long may it be ere the ring at Astley's knows him no more; for most assuredly, till the end of time,

> "Within that circle none shall ride as he."

There is a tomb, not far removed from this, which few will pass without a sigh. It bears no labored eulogy; but, to the great majority of those whose sorrows and sympathies are worth the waking, it tells an ample tale. Its simple inscription is—

> ANNE SCOTT,
> Daughter of Sir Walter Scott,
> of Abbotsford, Baronet,
> Died June the 25th, 1833,
> In her 31st year.

Somewhere here, too, stands, above the grave of one untimely cut off, a handsome broken column, (of which, by the way, there are several in the cemetery,) but it wastes its poetry sadly. I heard a respectable-looking man and woman gravely deploring its maimed condition, and innocently speculating whether the misfortune arose from mischief or high winds.

It is by no means the least striking feature of this cemetery, that it is closely neighboured on either side by one of those gigantic achievements of modern science—a railway. Singular enough it is, to stand on the terrace of the little chapel, and contrast an approaching funeral procession—"the steps of the mourners heavy and slow"—the labored progress of the plumed hearse, with the momentary meteor-like glimpse of a passing train; the oppressive stillness and silence of death, with the noise, and the hurry, and the whirl of life; and to think that the most impatient traveller of all those who shot by not a moment ago, must erelong be content to journey at the snail-like pace of the melancholy pageant before us.—If the Kensall Green cemetery sends us home pondering well on these things, it will have preached a homily on morality beyond the pulpit—a homily, moreover, of which we happily cannot lose the spirit, by setting ourselves to work after the most approved modern fashion to criticise the language.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To * * * * .

Away, away, I would forget,
A thing so fair yet frail,
It might not be that calumny,
Thy name should once assail!
An eye so bright—a step so light,
A brow so nobly fair,
Who would have thought that base deceit
Could find a dwelling there!

If all the treasures of the mines
Golconda e'er could boast,
Or streams of golden sands, upon
The famed Brazilian coast,
If all the wealth a world could boast
Thy moments should console,—
Still would it be a canker worm
To rankle in thy soul.

Then go be happy if thou canst
I'd not enjoy thy fate,
For all the treasures of the earth—
The honors of the great
For truth's too sacred in my eyes,
To change for wealth or fame,—
And once I thought that woman's truth—
But no! 'tis but a name. C. D.

Smoking.

Doctor Macauley, of St. Louis, while lecturing before the Mechanic's Institute of that place recently, told the following amusing anecdote of smoking:

"A young gentleman very much devoted to smoking, had paid his addresses to a young lady, whose parents objected to their union, merely because he indulged, as they thought, too freely in the use of tobacco. The young lady, however, prepossessed in his favor, prevailed upon him to abandon the habit, that their union might take place. The antipathy of the mother, however, to smoking, continued unabated, and she was still sceptical as to the fact of his reformation on that score, and to test her daughter's account that he had given up the practice of smoking, she invited him to spend a few days at her house, with the family. No symptoms of smoking appeared till one evening, when the mamma, before retiring to rest, fancied she smelt something like the fumes of tobacco in his bed-room. She looked through the key-hole, and lo! and behold! the gentleman was caught in the act, puffing away, with his feet upon the grate, and thinking, no doubt, of many happy days with his beloved object. The mother, in haste, ran down stairs, called for her daughter, said she had found him still smoking, and wished her to come up immediately and see. They flew up stairs; the mother looked again into the key-hole, saying to the daughter, "did I not tell you he smoked? look in and see." "Ah, but mother," said the daughter, "*does he not smoke beautifully!*"

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for Dec.

The Turk's Revenge.

In the early part of November 18—, a gentleman and lady, waited at the water stairs of the village of Camaret, in Brittany, the moment for entering a boat which gently balanced itself near them on the measured undulations of the waves. Trunks, boxes, portmanteaus, covered the fore part, and were guarded by a servant and a fisherman. A great portion of the inhabitants of the village was collected together to see the departure of the two rich strangers, who had for eight days past inhabited the best auberge which Camaret afforded, and they had therefore given good occasion for many conjectures, and excited curiosity which had not as yet been satisfied. Their sudden arrival, their studied seclusion, the patience with which they awaited the departure of the ship from the port of Brest that was to carry them away, and which they were to join this very day off Camaret—the whim which made them prefer departing from a miserable little harbor rather than from Brest, as if they contemplated flight or a clandestine embarkation—all these things were fully sufficient to surprise the simple honest folks of the village, to whom the least circumstance was a rare and important event. The man was not French; one could easily discern that by his cold black eyes, and much more by his Italian accent. The lady, whose elegant figure was concealed by a large shawl, was equally young and beautiful, at least as much as one could judge of her under the bonnet and veil which covered the greater part of her face. Whilst awaiting the moment of their departure, both seated on a large stone, they regarded the children playing near them on the sand, and the women who pressed curiously around.

"The corvette is long in leaving the Goulet," said the gentleman at last, with a slight movement of impatience.

The fisherman, who was idly reclined in the boat, then turned his head. "She ought already to have set sail, Monsieur. At noon from the point of Kilerun I saw them begin to rig her: doubtless we shall see her masts and yards above the Monk in a few moments."

"O Leoni, how I long to be gone!" said the young lady, raising to the stranger, as she spoke, her dark and brilliant eyes, in whose flash one could discover the fire of a deep-seated passion.

"You will not then regret La belle France?" he asked in a low tone.

"Never!" she replied, "if I can preserve your love."

"Why then these fears, Lavinia—this mystery which you impose upon me, and which I cannot comprehend—why this impatience to quit your native soil? I no longer see in you the merry and careless gaiety of the prettiest milliner in Paris. Are you not your own mistress? Do you fear any one's pursuit?" he added in a tone of disquietude and suspicion.

"No, no!" she quickly replied. "You know, Leoni, I am an orphan without relations, but—hark—a voyage on the sea alarms me, and I wish we were already arrived at Naples."

"Naples!" repeated the young man—"Naples! my beautiful birth-place—the diamond of the Mediterranean: you are right, Lavinia. Yes, in a few days you will thank me for giving you that new country."

"O! I shall also dearly love your Italy," she said, "if it be as beautiful as you describe: how charming to spend one's days there! Yes, I shall be very happy near you, in whose trust I confide my future life."

She hid her face as she spoke, covered with a sudden blush, in the bosom of the young man. But what excited it? The soft emotion of love, or the shame of perjury?

At this moment a woman singularly clad advanced along the jetty. A long staff was in her hand, but it was not easy to divine if she used it commonly to assist her rapid walk, or for what other purpose. There was something strange and wandering in her eyes—a handkerchief of bright colors covered her head, and long gray locks, escaped from its confinement, floated on the breeze. Her face was wrinkled, but it seemed more through suffering than years.

"The Gitana! the Gitana!" cried the children, running in a crowd in pursuit, and casting sand and stones after her.

She took refuge from their attacks in haste among the wives of the fishermen, who had great difficulty in preventing them from maltreating her.

"Who is that poor woman?" asked Leoni.

"Either a fool or a wicked sorceress," replied the man who guarded the boat and the travellers' luggage. "She was left some time back on our shores by a xebec from Vigo. Her presence is always the forerunner of misfortune. She is doubtless attracted by the hope of winning from you a trifle, in return for her reading you the future, as written on your brow or hands. 'Tis best to send her away, if you'll trust me."

"Why?" said the gentleman; "her chatter will pass the time. Approach, good women, and fear not."

The mendicant had truly, as the fisherman had said, come in search of the strangers. For some moments she had been walking round Lavinia, and evidently sought a pretext to accost her. She eagerly answered Leoni's call.

"Charity—charity," she whined, frequently bowing with constrained manner.

"I do not like that woman," said Lavinia to Leoni; "give her the alms that she asks, and send her away."

"Silly child! she must first make known to us the result of our intended voyage—she must first tell us our fortunes;" and, without listening to his pretty mistress, the careless Leoni gave his hand to the Gitana.

The mendicant seized it instantly, and examined its lines with deep attention; then raising her gray and piercing eyes upon Leoni's noble face—

"There is much love in thy heart," she said, "but there is more ambition. Count Maroncelli," she continued, elevating her voice, "thy mission in France was glorious, but it has completely failed—thy friends and thyself build their hopes on the sand—thou must renounce all thought of it at present—young Italy must yet slumber long."

"Hush!" interrupted the alarmed Leoni.

The woman's words were doubtless strange, for the profoundest astonishment was painted on the count's features, whilst Lavinia regarded him with disquietude, and the women and children, being no more able to comprehend what had passed before than the now sudden dumbness which seized the count and the gipsy, pressed curiously round them.

"La Bayadere!" cried the fisherman, raising himself quickly, standing on his boat, and pointing out the far-off masts of the corvette which were discernible above the Monk's rocks.

"And thou, young lady," said the mendicant, casting on Lavinia a sinister and ironical look of respect, "dost thou not wish to learn thy destiny?"

"No—no," she answered; "leave me; our ship is here, and we must go."

"First listen to what the woman has to say, Lavinia," said the disturbed Leoni, in a tone at once brief and resolute.

She dared not disobey the order given, but it was with evident fear that she let her little white plump hand fall into the crooked yellow fingers of the old hag.

"Ho! ho!" she cried with a mocking laugh, "what joys! what fetes! what pleasures wasted! thy life, young girl, is almost spent: take thou good care, it touches on its end. Like the unfaithful wives of the East, thou shalt perish, thy shroud shall be a leathern sack, and thy tomb the expanse of the waters."

"Merciful God!" cried Lavinia, "this is the second time I have had so horrible a death predicted to me. Woe is me! O woe is me!"

"Wretch!" said Leoni to the mendicant, "see the effect of your crazy prophecies; here—here is gold, begone instantly."

"Maroncelli—Maroncelli," exclaimed the gipsy, casting on him a thrilling glance, and tossing her arms in savage ecstasy, "Liberty is a phantom, and plots lead the way to Spielberg. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Drive the frantic fool away!" cried the dismayed Italian.

The indignant inhabitants began to exclaim against and to push the Bohemian from side to side, with warning look and skinny finger raised on high, endeavored to pass through the crowd.

Meanwhile the two strangers had entered their bark, and the fisherman, letting go the rope, had gained the open sea, and loosened to the freshening breeze his clumsy triangular sail. The dancing boat soon doubled the fort and point of Pale, then bending almost to the water's edge under the south-west wind, she sailed rapidly toward the entrance of the Goulet, in front of the immense bay of Berthamne.

"Back the topsail," shouted the captain of the corvette through his speaking-trumpet, as, reclined on the larboard bulwark, a telescope in his hand, he had watched attentively for some little time a sail which was tacking toward them from the bay of Camaret.

"Haul in that sternsheet—lower the royals—quick, my lads—steersman, look to your helm!" were the next orders of the captain; and the Bayadere, suddenly arrested in her course, turned lightly on her heel, and remained stationary, with her sails neutralising each other.

One could now scarcely hear the foaming waves which before, cut by the rapid keel, had dashed themselves in impotent fury against the sides of the corvette, and caused her lofty and elegant spars to creak under their repeated shocks.

"Ho! friend," cried, in the midst of the surrounding bustle, one sun-burnt mariner to another near him. "Dost know why our old sea-wolf of a captain has made the corvette take this tack?"

"Dost thou not see that boat yonder, making sail this way, as if to hail our pretty Bayadere?"

"Oh, then, some passengers are coming, and now that it draws near, I see a petticoat, a veil, and a bonnet. 'Tis some sweetheart of our captain. Hang the sex, say I; I wish the devil had them, with their never-ceasing lies and jilting; misfortune always chances to a ship that carries a woman."

"Hold thy tongue, savage! what knowest thou of the empire of love and beauty? Watch those glowing looks which our fresh-water officers, with their gold tags and telescopes, cast on the young lady. Let that show you what a power a pretty woman has over the hearts of us men. They are not the only fools who are casting sheeps' eyes that way; for I see below there, near the starboard bulwarks, the buffalo visage of one of our Moorish sailors. How! does that wretched dog dare to show his ugly muzzle in the light of day? Yes, truly, by St. Anne d'Auray. Didst ever see such a villanous ill-favored countenance? I can't think what Master Jean Louis was about in hiring such tanned skins as his, with whom not one of our regular ship's crew will have aught to do. Then the fellow has ever such an infernal leer on his ugly countenance. Begone, devil's mate—hence to thy natural darkness, I say."

But the angry sailor's vociferation did not attract the attention of their object, whose every sense seemed concentrated on the little boat which was rapidly nearing the Bayadere. He was a remarkable man; and without reference to the common aversion with which our seamen generally look upon Moors, his appearance did truly, to a certain extent, justify the antipathy which the sailors of the Bayadere seemed to entertain against him. His face had, on the whole, a ferocious aspect, though his features were regular. For the few days he had been on board the corvette, he exchanged words with none. His rude dress, which consisted of a shirt of red flannel, and trousers of coarse gray cloth, supported by a single leathern brace on his brawny yellow shoulders, added to his at once harsh and repelling appearance. At this moment it seemed as though sparks of fire had darted from his black eyes, almost hid under the shade of his thick, contracted eyebrows—so fierce, so fiery was their glance, as he regarded, with breathless interest, Lavinia, sad and pensive, supported on the arm of Count Maroncelli. It was the very instant their little boat touched the sides of the Bayadere. The whistle of the boatswain then rang merrily out. The sailors let down a light and neatly painted ladder for the new passengers' ascent to the quarter-deck of the corvette, and an officer stood near to receive and present them to the commander.

"'Tis well," said the Moor, in a low voice, remarking the grief and fear which were painted on the features of the young girl. "The Gitana has followed my instructions." And gliding stealthily away under cover of the bustle of reception, he retired unobserved into the gloomy hold.

That night Lavinia went out, and, crossing the saloon common to all the passengers, prepared to mount the ladder which led to the quarter-deck. Suddenly, in the shade under the arch of the weather-boards, which protected the staircase, head, she fancied she could distinguish the form of a man. Stern, immovable, and with arms crossed, and rigid as an iron statue, he seemed to await her approach. Lavinia stood one moment transfixed before him—pale, icy cold. In another she recovered her dismayed senses. "Achmet," she screamed in accents of horror; and darting past, rapidly ascended the steep and narrow staircase, rushed wildly over the deck, and threw herself, palpitating with terror, into the arms of Maroncelli.

The Bayadere coasted like a joyous thing along the Spanish shore; she passed before San Lucar, sweetly situated at the mouth of the Guadalquiver. She saw, to the larboard of her bowsprit, the enchanting bay of Cadiz open, and the lofty tower of San Sebastian. There lay stretched before them bold and rocky mountains, white houses in the midst of green orange groves, the barracks and the harbor of St. Mary, the flat terraces and red roofs of Cadiz. Cadiz! that, brown Andalusian beauty, placed in the midst of the waves, at the extreme point of her narrow isle, like a painted shell on the waters. The officers and passengers, from their elevated position on the quarter deck, saw and commended to each other in glowing terms this immense and beautiful panorama. The watchful commander, with telescope now pointed here, now there, walked to and fro; and Lavinia, leaning on the arm of Leoni, cast a look of regret on those seemingly happy shores, where, tired with her protracted voyage, she longed to land. The sun was reflected in all its glowing lustre by the blue and foamy waves; the gulls, with discordant note, flew rapidly by, dipping their long white wings in the waters, and fishers' barks glided before the charmed sight in every direction, bending gently under the lateen sails.

"It was in 1832," said the lieutenant of the watch to those who surrounded him, in continuation of some former conversation; "the Bayadere was then engaged in a cruise before this same Isle of Leon, when a man fell into the sea. For eight days we had been followed by a persevering companion like the present. Does he always keep near the corvette, Master Keros?"

"Always, lieutenant," replied our friend Jean Louis; "the devil take him, he'll no more budge an inch from our wake than the figure-head of our pretty Bayadere."

"The man was never seen again," continued the lieutenant, after a pause.

"Could he not swim?" asked Lavinia.

"He was the best swimmer on board, madam; but he was devoured in an instant by a shark."

"O heavens! What! the companion, then, of whom you have been speaking was—a shark."

"Yes, signora."

"Where is he now, then?"

"Phu! have you not yet seen him; He has followed us from Cape Finisterre. There, on the starboard side of the bow, about two fathoms off, do you not see, under the water, a shapeless mass of light-colored green, which always keeps the same distance from us, and balances itself in the water by a slow and almost insensible motion?"

"I do, indeed," said Lavinia, shuddering; "and so if any one fell in the water now—"

"A long streak of blood would color the waves, and all would be over."

"Merciful God!" cried the young girl, surveying with horror the marine monster; "and will it follow the Bayadere for long?"

"Doubtless to Naples. When a shark attaches itself to a ship, it rarely quits her before her voyage ends."

The bell, which sounded to breakfast, interrupted this conversation. The captain, the officers, and passengers, prepared to descend and take their places.

"Make short work of your inspection," said the captain, as he put his foot on the companion, to the ship's surgeon, "and come and join our meal."

"What inspection is it?" asked Lavinia.

"The crew are about to pass in review before me, signora, in order that I may be certain each has complied with the ship's regulations as to cleanliness."

"Will all the crew be here?"

"Yes, Signora, from the oldest seaman to the youngest cabin-boy."

"Let us remain a few moments to see them, Leoni," said Lavinia, with an anxious air, and leaning upon the colonel's arm. Despite his sarcasms on her singular whim, she remained on deck, whilst the mate's whistle summoned the sailors, who had just finished their morning's cleansing.

It was something strange and even amusing to survey that long file of rough faces, some more sunburnt, more coarse, more grotesque than others, but all bearing the evident impress of hard weather and service. Each mariner, with naked feet, tucked-up sleeves, revealing muscular and hairy arms, and the collars of their check shirts carefully plaited, passed gravely before the poop, where stood the surgeon, Lavinia, and Leoni. They saluted the officer by carrying their hands to their foreheads, and more than one of them was astonished in himself, without doubt, at the intense interest with which the young lady surveyed them as they passed. Once Lavinia's eyebrows contracted, as though with sudden pain; her arm trembled in Leoni's; but when the young man looked anxiously in his mistress's face to discern the cause, she had recovered her tranquility, and a sweet smile played about her lips. The last sailor was passing before her.

"These, then, are all your men, sir?" she asked the surgeon, a second time.

"All, without exception, signora," he replied, bowing respectfully.

"It was a mistake, then—I was deceived," she murmured to herself. Then, as if relieved from some dreadful weight, she darted lightly forward and descended, with Leoni, the staircase which led to the captain's apartment.

"Master Keros," said the surgeon, "summon those dogs of Moors from the hold, and examine them yourself. They do not, in fact, form part of the regular ship's company, and I do not, therefore, consider myself bound to inspect them. Besides," continued he, amid the noisy bursts of laughter from all the sailors, delighted at this sneer cast on men they detested, "the Signora Maroncelli is gone down to breakfast in the cabin, and it is not polite to let a lady wait."

A strong breeze from the south-south-west, which sprang up immediately after the Bayadere had passed the straits of Gibraltar, delayed her on her passage, and caused her to diverge somewhat from the line she had been pursuing. Driven toward the coast of Sardinia, the corvette was obliged to luff to the north, and the second day, in the middle of the night, she was plunging and tossing violently in the trough of the sea, opposite the channel or strait which separates Corsica from Sardinia, near the mouth of the Bonifaccio, and some fathoms only distant from Capo Patusolo and the rocks of Cavili. Her position was a dangerous one, for the wind and tide set in strongly toward the land, and prevented any hope of making the Gulf of Ajaccio. One way alone remained—a way that required all the energies of a stout heart to make good, but which, if ventured, might yet save the seemingly devoted vessel—and which was, to enter and pass the dangerous strait, although darkness fell thicker around every moment. A storm! a storm at night, with all the perils of a inhospitable and iron-bound coast and roaring breakers!—who can ever paint in words its overwhelming horrors—its heart sickening agony!

"Shorten sail—quick!—bestir!"—shouted the

anxious yet even then measured voice of the captain.

"Aloft, my men—lie to the wind, steersman—luff, luff—you can"—and the sailors, actuated by a single impulse, a single thought—the love of life leaped upon the yards with matchless speed and fearlessness, and executed in the twinkling of an eye the orders of their commander.

An unbroken solitude reigned between decks and in the cabins, for the common danger had summoned every one on deck. Of the state-rooms that opened into the saloon, however, one door was unfastened, and the glimmer of a single lamp which escaped from it was sufficient indication that it was inhabited.

"Leoni! do not leave me. O God! we shall be shipwrecked!"

"Fear not, Lavinia; I will return in a moment; but, in such an hour of peril as this, perhaps my assistance is needed above; the arm of a brave man is never useless:"—and without listening to the entreaties of Lavinia, Count Maroncelli, having hastily dressed himself, ascended to the deck.

The young girl was left alone trembling—listening with anxious fear to the roar of the tempest without—the sharp sounds of the boatswain's whistle, which ever and anon rose amid the rattling of cordage—the flapping of sails, and the creaking of masts—the hasty steps of mariners, which sounded dull and heavy above her head—and the sucking gurgling whirl or furious dash of the waves against the vessel's side.

Lavinia thought her hour was come. Her pale cold lips, dried with excess of fear, murmured inarticulately a fervent prayer. Alas! swift recollection brought back to her with anguish those happy days, when, a simple merry girl, she tripped along the streets of Paris, careless of the future, and, as yet, free from and unspotted by those sins which had stained her after life. She thought on repentance—wretched being! She wept the bitter tears of acknowledged guilt, and invoked the name of Mary! when the noise of the opening door caused her to turn her head, and by the lamp's light she saw a man enter, who gently but carefully shot back the bolts. He dragged after him something (as it seemed) of black, and letting it fall on the ground, gazed on Lavinia with crossed arms. She (poor soul!) thought the crew were about to abandon the corvette to its fate, and that she was sent for to embark in the long-boat. She started up hastily.

"Here I am—here I am," she cried, "ready—I will follow you instantly."

But he moved not; his burning look was fixed on Lavinia's terrified features. "'Tis I," was all he said; yet Lavinia did not comprehend his meaning. The man seized the lamp, placed it near his stern visage, and then at length she recognised him.

"Achmet!" she groaned—"then I am lost!"

"Yes," he repeated in a low deep voice, "thou art lost, seeing thou art now in my power. Thou couldst hardly have escaped death in the Bayadere, but it is now much nearer, much more certain to thee, and thou shalt be the first to be hurled into the waves which howl around us."

She raised herself fearfully, cast a despairing look on the closed door, listened a moment to the vast noise which destroyed all hope of her cries being heard, and then, overwhelmed, fell back again on her disordered bed.

"Don't think to escape me," cried the Turk with a bitter sneer; "the love of a servant of Allah begins to weigh like a deadly sin on thy infidel soul—eh? Ungrateful, have I not abandoned for thee my post of secretary to the embassy which the sublime Porte sent to the king of France? Have I not suffered my companions to return to my beautiful father-land without me? Have I not, for thy sake, renounced my country—ay, perchance blasphemously denied the law of our holy prophet? And when my gold was spent—when I had in thy company drunk the cup of pleasure even to the dregs—didst think I would permit thee unavenged to choose another lover—rich, young, handsome—one who could deck thee out in new dresses, new jewels? No, no, perfidious woman. Since thy departure from Paris, I have never lost sight of thee. I myself directed the circumstances which have delivered thee into my power. Thou hast taken a last look at thy brilliant Italian count; thou shalt never see at Naples those palaces of marble which thou desiredst so ardently; thou shalt never wander through the perfumed groves of Ischia and Sorrento."

"Achmet!—O great God, have pity on me—what is thy design?"

"In the East, thou knowest I have told thee, when thou used to hang with hollow love around my neck, we punish faithlessness and perjury with the sack."

Saying these words, he pointed out to her starting eyes the leathern sack which he had brought with him. Lavinia screamed with horror at the sight.

"Oh! thou wilt not—thou canst not, Achmet—you will not be so barbarous as to slay me; thou, a man, slay a feeble woman! hast thou considered well what coward baseness that would be? I am guilty, 'tis true—but to die so young! The punishment you threaten would be to cruel—Oh, mercy! mercy!—Achmet, do not slay me?" and she wound round the pitiless man with her white arms, and her black hair fell in dishevelled torrents over her alabaster neck, whose dazzling whiteness was thereby set off to still greater advantage.

In the mean time the tempest had risen to the extremity of fury; the broken masts fell crashing on the deck; the shouts of the sailors, the mates, the officers, fell dull upon the ear. The pitchings of the corvette became more frightful; the waves roared in wild commotion, and each instant swept the decks of the Bayadere. Achmet brutally repulsed the young girl, and, stooping down, busied himself in preparing the sack which he had brought.

"What are you doing, Achmet? Oh! you will pardon me—will you not?"

He hesitated a moment. "Yes," said he at length; "I will have mercy on thee. Take thy choice, either to die by this poniard, or to be cast alive into the waves."

At this barbarous answer, uttered in a calm, cold, passionless tone, Lavinia's reason began to yield. She cast herself maddened against the bolted door, but the powerful hand of Achmet threw her back with violence on the bed.

"Help! help!" cried the wretched girl. The Turk laughed.

"Fool! can thy voice, dost think, be heard in the frightful tumult which rages above? Pronounce thy fate quickly, for time flows away."

Lavinia dragged herself, mad, despairing, to his feet. She raised her streaming eyes—met the Turk's stern look—and at once she felt the uselessness of prayer or entreaties to soften that iron soul. At length, compelled to choose, her almost senseless hand pointed to the knife, whose blade Achmet cruelly displayed before her stiffened eye-balls. But when he removed her dress, when she felt the cold steel placed over her palpitating heart, she uttered a cry so terrible, that the murderer himself shuddered.

"No! no!" she said.

"There must be an end of this!" muttered Achmet in a fierce and choking voice. "'Tis all the same—thy life will but be prolonged a few minutes more; thou wilt remember a shark followe the corvette."

The poor girl made a faint movement of horror. Achmet seized her in his robust arms—anon the icy touch of the leathern sack ran over her shuddering flesh; stupified and almost senseless, she yet felt herself buried alive in that horrid shroud. Excess of anguish—something restored her failing strength.

"Achmet!" she shrieked in piercing accents—"Achmet, one instant yet! Life! life! O God! O God! Leoni, help—help—Leoni!"

At the name of her lover, Achmet furiously plunged his poniard into Lavinia's arm, which vainly sought to offer a weak resistance.

"Not in the heart," he said in a low voice, "for thou wilt not then suffer long enough."

"God—God—Achmet!" screamed the lost girl, "mercy—mercy! Jesus—pity! O help—help—life—life! only life!"

But placing a thick handkerchief over the wretched being's mouth, he stilled all farther sounds—drew the mouth of the sack over her beautiful head—closed it with care, bound it with strong cords, to which he had fastened heavy stones and pieces of iron, and dragged it along the empty saloon and up the staircase to the crowded tumultuous deck. The tempest was still at its height, all was yet uproar and danger. Passing under the mainsail, the Turk met a sailor who was about in haste to descend between decks.

"Ah! art thou there, dog—what art doing—what is that thou draggest behind thee?"

"A leak has sprung in the hold," said Achmet. "I am carrying some bags of biscuits from thence to a securer place."

The sailor descended. A few steps farther, at the moment when the ship reeled to larboard, the Turk opened a port-hole on the opposite side, and after having cast around a hurried and anxious look lest any should observe him, he hurled his horrible burden into the howling sea—less pitiless than himself.

In an instant the Bayadere opened the mouth of the straits of Bonifaccio, and the day but one after, although much shattered with the storm, arrived sound and safe in the Bay of Naples, after doubling the point of Prosido and the green Isle of Capri.

But consternation and alarm reigned on board, for since two days' anxious and unceasing search had been made to explain the inconceivable disappearance of poor Lavinia, as yet no one had discovered the truth. In the course of the many interrogatories addressed to each person in the ship, the mariner who had met Achmet on deck related that circumstance. There had no leak sprung in the corvette—no bag of biscuits had been taken from the hold; and, in addition to the suspicion these false statements had excited, Leoni found in his chamber a bloody knife, which was recognised as belonging to the Turk. They were in sight of land when it was determined to arrest him for the murder.

Achmet was on deck intently regarding the fast-nearing shore, when some armed soldiers approached, and commanded him to surrender himself and accompany them to the commander.

"Back!" cried the wretch, seizing an axe which lay near; "he dies who dares advance;" and profiting by the sudden pause which caused them to retire a pace or two, he plunged into the waters.

"Unmoor the long-boat and pursue him," cried the lieutenant of the watch hurriedly.

His order was obeyed, but before the men had pulled two strokes from the corvette, Lavinia was revenged. Leoni had snatched from one of the soldiers his loaded musket, and watching his opportunity when Achmet's head was seen upon the surface of the water, he fired with deadly aim. The wretch sprang convulsively upwards. Half his naked body was seen above the sea one moment, and in another he had sunk from human sight for ever, to meet his victim and give an account of his fearful crime at the judgment seat.

The Bayadere cast anchor in the road of Naples, and Count Maroncelli landed in despair at the loss of his pretty mistress. Yet three months after he was doubtless consoled, for every night one might have met him under the perfumed shades of the Chaigo, or in the luxurious boxes of the brilliant theatre of San Carlos, accompanying a ravishingly beautiful woman, who had long been first lady to her higness the the Duchess de Piombino. Poor Lavinia!

Domestic Happiness.

Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind, is through our own household. For there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad, is in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought, which puts him at ease in society; and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seems to ray out from him, and to diffuse a pleasurable sense over those near him, like a soft, bright day. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment, and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. God in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever vice or frailty is rooted out, something should spring up to be a beauty and delight to the mind. But a man of character, rightly cast, has pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as his daily food. He moves about his house under continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

Women have been called angels, in love tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women. Yet a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly—and there are women who have been so known and loved—will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into a fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares. He has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amid the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence; he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties, is

> Yet a spirit still and bright
> With something of an angel's light.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sorrows, and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were linked to angels; and, in his exalted moments, he feels himself held by the same tie.—[Richard H. Dana.]

Mexico.

Letters from Matamoros received at the office of the New Orleans Bulletin confirm the account of the betrayal, by the Federal Generals, of the Texian volunteers. It appears that the whole number of Americans in the battle at Saltillo was 115, of whom five were killed, and a few taken prisoners. The remainder escaped as before related. This base treachery on the part of the Federalist leaders, who have been considered as fighting in the cause of republican liberty, is mortifying and discouraging. If we can form a correct judgment from the accounts which reach us, the prospect of a settled order of things, at least of a good Government, is as dark as at any previous time. There seems to be no such thing as regard for the national welfare among those who are keeping up civil war; all is selfishness and brutal eagerness for power and plunder. Gen. Farias, who has acted a conspicuous part in the Federal cause, is now in New York. We know not that any dishonorable imputations lie against him.

The army worm has caused great destruction in the cotton plantations near Matamoros.

General Arista is essaying to carry into effect an enterprise projected formerly by General Teran, of digging a canal from the Rio Bravo to the Laguna Madre, where there is a depth of 12 to 15 feet of water. Most of the goods are now transported fifteen miles to the city, at an expense at the rate of one dollar per barrel. The canal is intended for steamboats and vessels of 12 feet draught, and it is believed, when this is done, that Matamoros will be the most flourishing port on the Gulf coast of Mexico.

MORE LOCOMOTIVES.—Two of Wm. Norris' Locomotive Engines were shipped on board the packet ship Thomas P. Cope, which sailed on Saturday last for Liverpool. The continued foreign demand for Philadelphia Locomotive Engines is the best recommendation of the superior ingenuity and skill of our mechanics.

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chestnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

FAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the front rank, in both periodical literature and periodical embellishments, we offer the following liberal proposals for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $5 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post THREE YEARS to one subscriber, or to THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

For $6 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, ENTIRELY ORIGINAL in its literature, and splendidly embellished with original MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING'S on steel, and colored FASHION'S MONTHLY.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and TWO copies of the Magazine.

For $10 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE of the Magazine to any part of the United States, or Canadas.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, separately from the paper. Or SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

SINGLE COPIES of the Magazine $3 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

To entitle any subscriber to the benefit of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and these terms are allowed to NONE, unless they deal directly with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ The safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, get the nearest Post Master to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag, AT OUR RISK. Try it, as we scarcely miss a letter in a year at this office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.

The New Year—To Subscribers.

We wish a *Happy New Year*, to every reader of the Post, and prosperity to them all. We look back with peculiar pleasure over the year that has past, and find that our journey with them, thus far, has been delightfully spent, and our endeavors to please have been liberally rewarded. Our list has swelled up, far beyond our expectations, with prompt *paying* subscribers, and with a very few exceptions, those who started last year with us, in arrears, have met our demands. Within the last two months our clerks have been busily employed in stirring up the minds of those who are delinquents for 1840, and bills have been sent with one or two exceptions to every State in the Union. These will in return be remembered. The old motto, "START THE YEAR FAIR AND SQUARE," has been adopted by a large majority of our subscribers, and funds are now coming in, in sume quite gratifying, enabling us to open the year with vigor, and to expend liberally in the production of good *original matter*, and to keep up the tasteful typographical appearance, which has won an enviable reputation for the paper.

We may safely say, that no *honorable* man ever contracts a debt, without an intention sooner or later of paying it, and notwithstanding all the cant and slang about paying the printer, every such man regards a newspaper subscription as a debt of honor the moment his name is entered upon the list. Our invariable rule is, to notify every individual whose short memory, leads him to forget, and we expect in *every case immediate* payment. When we find ourselves deceived in men, or see a design to act dishonorably, *the name is stricken* from the list, as unworthy a place in good company, and means are at once taken to recover the debt. We are proud, however, to be able to say, that we have been compelled in but two or three instances to proceed roughly to collect our dues during the whole year of 1840. This speaks well for the character of our subscribers.

The year is now opened. Those who wish their papers at the advance price, will remember to remit at once. Those who wish to part company will say so, and those who are in arrears, will take a gentle hint, and be so no longer. We shall try without much bluster, to make as good a paper for the ensuing year, for those who continue with us, as our neighbors, and for its size and the *quality of its matter*, as cheap *for cash prices* as any liberal man can ask, or any can furnish. So reader, once more *A Happy New Year!* and may you ever be so lucky as to "OWE NO MAN."

Increase of Crime.

The atrocious murder, noticed by us, last week, as well as the equally bloody catastrophe in New Brunswick, ought to open the eyes of thinking men, to the rapid extension of crime, during the last few years. Not a mail is opened; not a paper put to press; not a week elapses in any section of our country, without some new record of suicide or murder. Why is this so?—We answer—it is because the punishment of crime is becoming daily less certain.

It was the remark of Beccaria, and subsequently of Blackstone, and it is the experience of every lawyer in our Criminal Courts, that it is the *certainty*, rather than the *severity* of punishment, which is most fatal to guilt. If conviction is known to follow inevitably on the commission of crime, the chances of its perpetration are greatly lessened. Nothing induces guilt like the probability of escape. But latterly, in our courts, juries have taken it upon themselves to enquire into the propriety of the punishment, and have rendered verdicts in accordance with their peculiar opinions, rather than with justice, or their ideas of innocence.

But no breach of law should be suffered to pass without the enforcement of its penalty. A *jury* has no right to acquit, because they think a punishment too severe. Their province is, not to legislate about the fitting penalty for the offence, but simply to decide whether the prisoner is "guilty, or not guilty." If they travel out of their duty, they violate in spirit their oath.

An instance, in point, is the oft-recurring case of a man, guilty of murder in the first degree, brought in, by a *jury*, guilty of murder in the second degree. This, we have no doubt, arises from the false humanity of some, and from the conscientious scruples of others. But so long as the law affixes the penalty of death to murder in the first degree, so long ought every man, conscientious on the question of capital punishments, to refuse being a juror—a refusal, which the *courts of Pennsylvania*, as well as of the Nation, have recognised again and again, as being founded in justice, and therefore to be allowed. But where a false humanity is the cause of such a verdict, the jurors are guilty of an act, hostile alike to morality, reason and religion—hostile to morality, because there is no real kindness in suffering guilt to go unpunished; hostile to reason, because such verdicts are the fruitful cause of crime hereafter—and hostile, most of all, to religion, because it is in violation of the juror's oath, and at war with the safety of human society.

We do not intend, by these remarks, to express an opinion in favor of capital punishments. The question is an important one, and much may be said, both by its friends and its foes. Whether any other punishment would be as effective, is a matter of considerable doubt; but one which depends upon the question, whether or no, the dread of death is the strongest fear we feel. One thing, however, is certain, unless juries discard their mawkish sensibility, we shall soon have a state of society at which every one must shudder.

In confirmation of this, we call public attention to the startling number of homicides, set down for trial at the last and present terms of the Court of General Sessions in this city. The trial of a murderer was once an event in our quiet city, and his condemnation formed an epoch in the lives of the inhabitants, but now, the one has grown into a monthly occurrence, and the other bids fair to return as periodically as the seasons. Where shall these things end?

New Publications.

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES—BY W. HOWITT—2 vols.—*Carey & Hart*.—Next to old Kit North give us Howitt. There is an ease in his style, an appreciation of the beautiful, and a love of old and quiet places far off in the country, about him, which endears him to us, and makes us open his books with a consciousness of approaching pleasure, in which, moreover we are never disappointed. Yes! Howitt is a true poet. Whatever he touches glows at once with the richest colors of genius, and even old moss-grown houses, which others pass by with contempt, become to his eyes, vivid with life, and stirring with the tumults of an age long gone by. Every where he produces the same effect. In the old Gothic Cathedral; amid the crumbling tenements of decaying cities; out in the fields under the free air of heaven; by hawthorn hedges; in some secluded nook; aside the sweet and gentle little stream; on the bold hill-side of Flodden, or the bleak waste of Colloden—wherever, in short, natural beauty or hallowed association are to be found, there has our author been, bringing each scene vividly before us, with a pencil, as if tipped in the colors of the sunset.

The present volume is the narrative of a visit made to several of the battle-fields and other places, remarkable in British history. The work is a beautiful specimen of American typography. We recommend it as peculiarly adapted for a souvenir.

"THE RURAL LIFE OF ENGLAND," *by William Howitt, Author of Visits to Remarkable Places, etc. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—This is one of the most entertaining and instructive volumes, that has been issued from the press this season.—It abounds with quiet and faithful delineations of *Country* life, many of them unsurpassed. The chapter on Gypsies, those picturesque squatters, who form part and parcel of English landscape scenery, is full of instruction. Midsummer in the fields is another, that deserves to be studied by every lover of green fields. In fact, the book from beginning to end should be pondered by every lover of country life, and of the beautiful and sublime in nature. It is a sterling work, and we cordially commend it to the reading community.

DR. A. H. MCNAIR'S "*medical suggestion to parent's and others.*" We have read a copy of the second edition of this work. It contains much information relating to the cause and treatment of diseases of long standing, such as palsy, fits, insanity and nervous affections of all kinds, the cause of which is illustrated by an engraving of the nerves in a diseased condition, a circumstance that has been discovered by the author to have been the cause of many chronic diseases.

The volume contains 724 pages, handsomely bound, and is for sale at Mr. Dobson's book store, Chestnut St.

For information relative to the work, see communication from Physicians in another column of to days paper.

TRAVELS TO THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS, ALONG THE SHORES OF THE PERSIAN GULF AND THE MEDITERANEAN—BY J. R. WELLSTED, ESQ.—F.R.S., F.R.A.S., &c. &c.—2 *vols.*—*Lea & Blanchard*.—This is an interesting work, whose object is sufficiently displayed in the above title. The style of the author is clear, and somewhat diffuse. He travels with an eye to observation, both as to the physical nature of the country he visits, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants. The work before us is consequently an interesting one. We recommend the author as a graphic delineator, of scenes and manners as yet only partially known to Europeans.

GREYSLAER, A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK.—BY C. F. HOFFMAN, SECOND EDITION—2 *vols.*—*Lea & Blanchard*.—This highly interesting romance, which we noticed at some length in the summer, has attained its second edition, and is now before us from a publishing house of our own city. No better evidence of the value of the work need be required than the rapidity with which it has passed into a second edition. The author, we see, takes this occasion to defend himself from several attacks on the part of the critics. Notwithstanding several new romances have been published since Greyslaer, it still remains the most thrilling novel of the season.

THE LADY'S BOOK FOR JANUARY, 1841. This beautiful periodical is again on our table, embellished with a fine steel engraving of Neapolitan Peasants, executed by Dick, of New York, as well as with a plate of colored fashions. The contents are wholly from the pens of ladies, and embrace several writers of reputation. Mrs. Leslie begins a *story* called Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, which has one fault,—and that is its being continued. "The Parlor Serpent," by Mrs. C. L. Hentz is an excellent tale; and there are besides several pieces of meritorious poetry. L. A. Godey, 211 Chestnut Street.

LITTELL'S MUSEUM FOR JANUARY.—This valuable re-print is punctually upon our table, stored with the grave and gay, the discursive and profound, essays, reviews, poetry and tales. It is in fact a selection of the choicest articles from the English magazines. The present number is peculiarly rich. It contains Charles O'Malley, Ten thousand a year, the life of Sir Samuel Romily, and a host of other articles.—Publication office 297 Chestnut St.

CHARLES O'MALLEY—No. 15 & 16—*Carey & Hart*.—Here are two more numbers of this excellent work, abounding in descriptions of battles, bivouacs, love scrapes, and humorous adventures. Charles O'Malley has eclipsed every rival, and is *the* novel of the season.

THE POPULAR AIRS OF GERMANY—JANUARY 1841.—No. I.—*Worch and Thomas, Philada.*—This, as its name imports, is a collection of popular German airs, with both German and English words. The work is published at 134 North Fourth St.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, No. 16.—Lea & Blanchard have already issued the latest number of the above popular work.

Imports and Exports of the U. S.

It appears by the annual Treasury Report, that during the past year our exports have greatly exceeded the imports, the former, for the year ending 30th September last, being computed at $131,571,950, and the latter at $104,805,891. Excess of exports, $26,767,059. Decrease of imports compared with the previous year, $57,286,241.—Much of this excess consists of funds sent abroad to pay the *interest* of *debts* and *foreign* obligations. Of the whole exports, $17,809,331, were of foreign origin. This left those of domestic origin at $123,762,617, being $6,845,937 more than in any previous year.

Robbery of the Western Mail.

There are accounts in this city that the Western Mail, on its passage from Wheeling to Baltimore, has been robbed eight times since the 14th of November last. The robbery was effected by taking the small pouch containing the letters for New York, and all places east of that city. The suspicions of the Post Office Department have not yet designated any one as the probable robber.—The amount of money which is supposed to have been in the mails stolen is very considerable.

Bunker Hill Monument.

The original cost of this monument, for the entire height of two hundred feet, as estimated by Mr. Willard, the architect, was $67,000. The work, so far as built, has not much exceeded this estimate. The receipts of the Association, since its organization, have been as follows:—

First subscriptions of members,	$54,010
Legislative donation,	10,000
Ladies' Subscription,	2,500
Raised on mortgage of land and monument,	23,400
Subscription through Mechanics' Society,	21,000
Lease of land,	1,359
Tax for ascending monument, about	2,000
Donations of two citizens,	20,000
Proceeds of September Fair, 1840,	32,000
	$166,269

The mortgaged land was sold in October, 1834 for $25,000, which paid that debt. The actual receipts, therefore, have been over $166,000, which is much more than double the original estimates of the cost.

These facts are not stated to censure any one, but simply to justify the people of New England, who have been most unjustly charged with want of generosity and patriotism, in not completing the Monument. It will be seen that, at the first, a sum was promptly raised within three thousand dollars of the whole estimated cost. Having done that, it was difficult to raise additional subscriptions, after it was supposed the requisite sum had once been provided, and but for the ladies, it never could have been done. To them belongs the crowning honor of the achievement, and the lofty column, when completed, will be no less a monument of their perseverance and patriotism, than of the deeds of our fathers.

Salaries of Governors.

The Baltimore Sun contains a statement showing the salaries of the Governors of the various States composing our Union, of which the following is an abstract:—

Gov. Roman,	of	Louisiana,	$7500
Grayson,	"	Maryland,	4200
Seward,	"	New York,	4000
Porter,	"	Pennsylvania,	4000
McDonald,	"	Georgia,	4000
Morton,	"	Massachusetts,	3666
Hennigan,	"	South Carolina,	3500
Gilmer,	"	Virginia,	3333
McNutt,	"	Mississippi,	3000
Letcher,	"	Kentucky,	2500
Reid,	"	Florida Territoy,	2500
Dodge,	"	Wisconsin,	2500
Lucas,	"	Iowa,	2500
Pennington,	"	New Jersey,	2000
Moorhead,	"	North Carolina,	2000
Conway,	"	Arkansas,	2000
Polk,	"	Tennessee,	2000
Woodbridge,	"	Michigan,	2000
Reynolds,	"	Missouri,	2000
Fairfield,	"	Maine,	1500
Shannon,	"	Ohio,	1500
Bigger,	"	Indiana,	1500
Carlin,	"	Illinois,	1500
Comegys,	"	Delaware,	1333
Page,	"	New Hampshire,	1200
Ellsworth,	"	Connecticut,	1100
Jennison,	"	Vermont,	750
King,	"	Rhode Island,	400

Munificent Donation.

We learn that our fellow citizen, MR. NATHAN DUNN, a friend to liberal education, has recently given to the Managers of the Haverford School, the only Quaker College, we believe, on this continent, the sum of *twenty thousand dollars*, which establishes that interesting institution on a durable basis.

It has seldom, if ever, been our happy lot to record so munificent a donation, during the life of the donor; and what renders it still more gratifying is that this sum was voluntarily paid to Mr. Dunn by Mr. Joseph Archer, the only surviving son and representative of our late benevolent townsman, Mr. Samuel Archer, who at the time of his death was largely indebted to Mr. Dunn. This noble act is an earnest that the son inherits the virtues of his departed parent, who truly was a friend to the friendless and a father to the fatherless.

Museum.

The concerts at the Philadelphia Museum, during the past week, have been highly interesting, and well attended. Mr. Barclay and his friends have afforded much pleasure to the lovers of song; while Frank, the inimitable Frank Johnson, has been giving his concerts, *a la musard* with increasing effect.

Deodand.

By the old common law of England, whatever causes the death of a human being is forfeited to the King. Formerly, as the word implies, it was considered as a sacrifice to God, and was appropriated to the purchase of masses for the good of the souls of those who were thus slain.

We give this piece of information that our readers may understand the verdict of a coroner's jury lately called to view an accident on the London and Birmingham Railroad. Through the negligence of those entrusted with the management of this road, two trains of cars recently met with a dreadful collision, by which several of the passengers were much injured and one or two killed. On proof of this, the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, and a deodand of £2000.

The verdict of this jury is alike creditable to the nation and those by whom it was rendered. It proves that every precaution is taken by the law to prevent the destruction of life. We should rejoice to see the law of deodand revived throughout this land of accidents and carelessness, as we are assured it would tend more to the security of "life and limb" than all the safety valves and laws against racing that have been enacted and invented for the last fifty years.

The Loss of the Cherokee.

We believe the following is a correct list of killed and wounded on board the steamboat Cherokee, which unfortunately exploded while she was about to leave the landing of Louisburg, in Arkansas, about 65 miles above Little Rock.

LIST OF THE KILLED.—CABIN PASSENGERS.—Mr J. Osgood, New Orleans; Mr. Miles, of Van Buren; Mr. Cook, of Arkansas; Thomas Fanning, aged 12 years, of Arkansas; Mr. Hobson, Steubenville, Ohio; R. L. Hubbard, Connecticut; Captain Wayman, of steamboat Lady Morgan; Mr. Smith, of Louisville; S. Forsyth, of Louisiana; one person, unknown; —— Clide, of New York; Mr. Perry.

Mr. Pitman, of Louisburg, killed on shore.

—— Budd, one of the crew; S Gibson, deck hand; M. Kenney, deck passenger; a German, name unknown.

Badly wounded.—C. Harrison, captain; Mr. Williams, mate; Frederick, deck hand; Campbell, fireman; and the cabin boy.

Several persons on the shore were more or less injured, beside the above. The boat was literally torn to pieces, and will be a total loss.

The New Orleans Bee says, "Among the passengers were Captain Armstrong, the disbursing agent at Arkansas, his daughter, the daughter of Gen. Armstrong, of Tennessee, and Major Rector's daughter. The three ladies were in the cabin and Captain Armstrong was on the boiler deck at the time the accident occurred. Strange to say, they all escaped, the boilers bursting through the sides instead of upwards, as usual. The pilot house was thrown on the bank of the river, and the pilot hurled into the stream, from which he escaped by swimming. Capt. Harris's back is broken, and his life is despaired of. The passengers had barely time to get ashore, when the wreck of the boat sunk in fifteen feet water. A Mr. Stevens, who was on the bank of the river, was immediately killed by a piece of the connection pipe, which passed through his neck.

One hundred and thirty thousand dollars of specie, belonging to the Government was recovered.—The engineer and several of the deck hands were killed."

DISTRESSING.—A little daughter of Josiah Hallet, Jr., of Yarmouth, Mass. met her death last week by inhaling steam from the spout of a tea kettle. She had seen an elder sister blow down the tube, and was attempting to imitate her, when she drew the hot vapor upon her lungs which caused her death in a few hours.

POPULATION OF MEXICO AND TEXAS.—The population of Mexico is estimated at 13,051,809. Texas is estimated at 300,000.

Mrs. Kinney's Trial.

The Boston papers say the examination of witnesses in this case was commenced on Monday and ended on Thursday last, the Court holding two sessions each day. We have carefully read the whole, as published, and give our readers the following abstract of the most important parts.

Mr. George T. Kinney was the third husband of the defendant, to whom she was married on the 25th of November 1838. They resided together apparently comfortable and happy up to the time of his death, which occurred on Sunday, the 9th of August last. They occupied a house in Broomfield street, in which she carried on the millinery business. He was a trunk and hose maker, and kept a shop in another part of the city. For ten days previous to his death he had complained of a pain in his head, and took medicine prescribed by a physician. On Saturday, the 8th of August, he became worse; vomited a great deal, and was confined to his bed. At the suggestion of several friends, a physician was sent for between 12 and 1 o'clock at night. Dr. Storer came and found Mr. Kinney in bed, suffering greatly, and complaining of much pain in the stomach and bowels. After remaining about twenty minutes, and prescribing, the doctor left, but was again called upon between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning. Mr. Kinney was then much worse; was very thirsty; called often for drink, and vomited whenever he drank. Part of the prescription, laudanum, had been given, but an injection had not been given, as ordered; Mrs. Kinney saying she could not give it. Dr. Storer told her that the injections was highly important, prescribed a pill, and again left. Returning between 9 and 10 o'clock, Dr. Storer found Mr. K. in great agony, exclaiming, he could not last long if not soon relieved. The pill ordered by the Dr. had been given, and had stopped the vomiting, but the injection had not been given. Dr. Storer supposing Mr. K.'s disease to be Asiatic Cholera, proposed to Mrs. K. to call in another physician, and went himself and brought Dr. Bigelow. Mr. Kinney was in a dying state when the physicians came in. They accordingly did not prescribe for him; he appearing in a collapsed state in malignant cholera. He died in fifteen minutes after they left him. Dr. S. came back in about an hour and told Mrs. K. it was advisable to have a post mortem examination of her husband; to which she made no objection. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the body was examined by Doctors Storer, Bigelow, and Jackson; the latter performing the operation, when signs were discovered in the stomach of the presence of poison. The contents of the stomach were put into a clean bottle and carried to Dr. Storer's office, where they were analized by Dr. Gay, and proved beyond doubt to contain arsenic, some of which was resolved into a metallic state.

On being informed of this, Mrs. Kinney only said "indeed," and wondered how it got there. A day or two after the funeral, she called on Dr. Storer and requested him to give her a certificate that her husband died of cholera, assigning as a reason the reports in circulation of her having poisoned him. She spoke very incoherently, and hinted that her husband had taken the poison himself. The Dr. refused the certificate then, and also when requested by Miss Collins on the Thursday afterwards by Mrs K's desire.

Wm. F. Goodwin testified that Mrs. Kinney called on him to attend her husband on the Saturday night when he died, and that in giving some herb tea to the deceased, which Mrs. K. had prepared, he observed a whitish sediment at the bottom of the bowl, which rolled over as the bowl was turned and seemed to adhere to it. He tasted the tea himself, and was exceedingly sick and thirsty the next day.

Miss Collins, a servant, and a little boy who lived with Mrs. Kinney, were taken very sick shortly after breakfast on the Thursday following Mr. K.'s death, and vomited very freely, in consequence of eating bread which had been made with an unusual quantity of saleratus. The servant, Hanney Varney, produced in Court a small piece of paper marked "poison," which she found a few days after Mr. Kinney's death, in the sink in the kitchen. Several apothecaries were examined, who had sold arsenic to females about the 1st of August last, but none of them could recognize the writing on the paper.

The defence rested almost entirely on the allegation that Mr. Kinney had committed suicide. In support of this, it was proved that he was dissipated; eccentric, and liable to great depression of feeling; that he was a gambler and had made himself completely insolvent by his habits, and that he had expressed a determination to destroy himself rather than expose his ruin to his friends. A large number of witnesses were examined, who abundantly sustained this position of the defence by testifying to frequent declarations of the deceased that he was "weary of life." Franklin Dexter, Esq., senior counsel for Mrs. Kinney, was to have concluded his argument on Christmas morning

An Atrocious Villain.

We give below from one of our exchanges the particulars of the late murder of Anthony Hasbrouck, Esq. of Fallsburg, Sullivan co., N. Y. Accustomed as we recently have been to the details of crime and bloodshed, we can find no parallel to horrors of this. Language has no epithet which would not be a compliment bestowed on its heartless perpetrator, nor has the law a punishment which would not be a mercy to him, in its most rigorous infliction. What gives a deeper degree of iniquity to his guilt, is the fact that the sole motive to the commission of the atrocious deed arose out of a dispute between the parties, in the settlement of a deceased relative's estate, respecting the claim of the murderer to $100 worth of property more than his victim considered him entitled to receive! We will not pretend to comment upon the depravity of such a fiend. Expression cannot compass the abhorrence with which the monster must be universally regarded.

Our account of this occurrence states that the murderer, Cornelius W. Hardenburg, after attending divine service at church, in the evening went to the house of the deceased and took tea with his family. After supper he renewed his claim upon Hasbrouck, who refused to allow it, and the tragic event below described, then followed; after which, the murderer gave himself up.

"The murderer then threatened to be revenged, and after a few more words left, bidding the deceased and his family good evening. In a few moments he returned with his rifle and aiming it at Hasbrouck, told him that unless he agreed to his proposal "he was a dead man." The latter jumped up instantly, seized hold of the rifle, and turned the muzzle aside. At this moment the rifle was discharged accidentally, the contents passing through the floor a few feet from Hasbrouck, and into the cellar. Hasbrouck still held fast the rifle, while the other drew his pistol and fired. The ball took effect, entering the abdomen near the navel in a transverse direction, cutting open the abdomen, and rupturing the intestines, which protruded from the wound. He then struck Hasbrouck twice with the pistol, when it dropped from his hand. The blows brought Hasbrouck on his hands and knees. Hardenburgh says that for a moment he was at a loss what to do, as he was not satisfied that the deceased had received a mortal wound.

He, however thought of his pocket knife, which he instantly made use of by attempting to stab Hasbrouck in the throat. Hasbrouck's wife, however, (who was in the room during the whole transaction,) sprang forward and placed her hand upon her husband's neck, exclaiming, "You have killed him already! For God's sake don't cut his throat!" Regardless of her entreaties, he persisted in his diabolical attack upon the wounded man—cut her hand severely—stabbed her husband in the temple, and in his further attempts to cut his throat, inflicted a number of ghastly wounds upon his face, one of which extended from the corner of his mouth to his shoulder blade—passing through his cheek, under his ear, and across the back of his neck, and severing the jugular vein. He continued to cut and stab in a manner too brutal for description till the knife was either wrested from him by Hasbrouck or fell from his hand accidentally. Hasbrouck seized the knife, and, as is supposed, stabbed his assailant in the breast, inflicting a severe though not mortal wound. The latter then seized a chair and struck the other with it once or twice; but finding that he could not accomplish his fiendish purpose with it, he threw it aside, and went out doors and obtained a billet of wood.

Assistance arrived before he could use it. He then left the house, and Hasbrouck expired almost immediately. He was 53 years of age, and well and widely known, having held many offices of public trust.

Dreadful Tragedy.

The Maumee Times, published at Perrysburg, Ohio gives the following account: "For several weeks past, a small party of Wyandott Indians have been engaged in hunting, in the counties of Wood and Henry. Three of them, two men and a woman, encamped about ten days since upon South Turkey Foot Creek, in Henry county, and some time between Friday and Sunday, they were all murdered—their throats cut from ear to ear, and their heads horribly crushed. Their bodies were found by a party of their own tribe, behind a log. Their encampment was destroyed, and property, consisting of furs, horses, blankets, dogs, and some money, taken away. The Indians immediately took the supposed track of the assassins, and traced it to the house of a Mrs. Lyons, a widow woman, residing in the interior of Wood county, where they found most of the property secreted under the floor, and several of the horses in an adjoining field. Suspicion rests upon her son, a young man of twenty, and a youth by the name of Anderson, aged seventeen, both of whom have been arrested, and taken to Henry county for examination."

THE CASE OF ELDRIDGE.—In this case there have been already examined 83 witnesses for the Commonwealth, and 36 for the defence.

City News.

CHILDREN MISSING.—There are said to be seventy odd children missing in our city and liberties within the last few days. We do not say that this fact accounts for the quantity of mince meat manufactured about these times, but it strongly reminds us of a little affair that occurred in Paris not long ago, near the *Café Tortoni*, as our neighbor the Standard would say. One of the *gens d' armes*, in eating a piece of pie, encountered a child's finger. The house of the pie-maker was instantly searched. In walking across the shop, a trap suddenly opened and closed, and one of the officers was among the missing. Search was made, and he was found under ground with two children, all of whom, like hundreds before them, had been precipitated through the trap, and would probably have made their appearance in a day or two afterwards, in a suit of "paste" with trimmings to suit all tastes and appetites.

DARING ROBBERY.—Between 7 and 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, a colored fellow broke in a pane of glass in the bulk window of Mr. John Fries, watch and jewellery, No. 160 North Second street, corner of New, and seized up five watches with which he ran. The thief was pursued, and after being chased for several squares in a very circuitous direction, he was overhauled and arrested, and taken before Alderman Christian, by whom he was committed to answer. Two of the watches were dropped near Mr. Fries store, the others, it is believed, the thief threw away in his flight, as they were not found on his person when caught. The watches missing are two silver ones and a gold lever. The name the thief gave was James Anderson.

RIOT.—There was quite a serious riot on Wednesday night, between 7 and 8 o'clock, at the corner of Seventh and Arch, and then at the corner of Eigth and Cherry streets. Some thirty or forty persons were engaged in the affray. Alderman Mitchell, Thompson and Snyder, in endeavoring to disperse the rioters and preserve the peace, were assaulted and severely injured, Alderman Snyder seriously so. One of the rioters, named David Simson, a pardoned convict, was arrested and instantly bound over by the Recorder in $800 to keep the peace, and in the additional sum of $500 to answer at the General Sessions for an assault an battery on Alderman Mitchell.

RECOVERY OF MORE COUNTERFEIT MONEY.—On Thursday last the officers of the Court of General Sessions made an additional recovery of counterfeit $10 bills on the U. S. Bank, about $1000 in amount, which is believed to be all of that plate. The agent of the U. S. Bank, we understand, has lately recovered upwards of $100,000 in spurious notes on that institution. We were shown on Saturday some well executed 50's and 20's, the former with the letter A., the latter with the letter D., and all dated June 1st, 1837, and signed S. Mason for J. Coperthwaite, Cashier, and G. W. Fairman for N. Biddle, President.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—An individual residing in Kensington, named McNelly, was assaulted on Saturday night about 10 o'clock, in Franklin street near Fourth, the neighborhood of the late shocking murder, by two men, one of whom cut him clear across the abdomen with some sharp instrument, completely severing his clothes and grazing his skin. The villians thinking perhaps that they had effected their object, which was doubtless assassination, immediately fled.

IMPORTANT VERDICT.—Wednesday in the Court of Common Pleas, a verdict for the defendant was rendered in the case of a suit brought by N. W. Metcalf, publisher of the "Evening Star," against R. W. Dunlap, proprietor of the City Hotel, for a years' subscription money—it being giving in evidence by the defendant that he had never ordered the "Star" to be sent to his house, and that the plaintiff had continued to send it after he had been requested to discontinue it.

PASSING A COUNTERFEIT.—On Thursday morning a boy calling himself James Stervant, alias James Shaw, was committed by the Recorder for attempting to pass a five dollar Salem New Jersey Banking Company note on George Dullon, grocer, in Thirteenth street below Market. The defendant stated that he had been sent to Mr. Cullen's store with the note by a man named James Cafferty.

LARCENY.—Mayor Cannon of the Northern Liberties on Monday afternoon committed a fellow named Edward McCalvey for stealing from the yard of a tavern in Second street a saddle of venison weighing 80 pounds. The fellow was in the act of converting the plunder into money when arrested. Rather *deer* stealing for the thief no doubt.

ACCIDENT.—The Kensington engine during an alarm of fire on Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock, came in collision at the corner of Franklin Avenue with a wagon, in which Mr. James Flint, machinist, and Mr. Leonard Chester were riding. The vehicle was dashed to pieces and both gentlemen very badly hurt.

LARCENY.—Some thief entered the baker shop of William Bennett, in Vine street, above Fifth, on Wednesday evening last, and stole the money till containing between ten and twelve dollars in specie. The till was afterwards picked up in an alley on the opposite side of the street, where the thief had dropped it.

A FORGER.—Thursday morning a young man calling himself John Jefferson, was brought before the Mayor on a charge of attempting to pass at the counter of the Girard Bank a forged check in the name of John W. Downing, merchant, No. 21 Chesnut street, for the sum of $115 25. The prisoner was committed.

SUICIDE.—Mr John Halberstadt, better known as *Baron* Halberstadt, committed suicide at the Mansion House on Monday night, by taking twelve grains of morphine,—a drug which is six times as powerful as laudanum. Reverses of fortune are said to have been the cause of the melancholy act.

THEY WONT SERVE.—Another of the jurors appointed to assess the damages in the case of the burning of the Pennsylvania Hall, has declined serving.—The person alluded to is Samuel Breck, Esq. The Judges of the Court of General Sessions on Tuesday appointed Philip H. Nicklin in his place.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—A middle aged colored man, name unknown, was found dead on Sunday morning in a barn at the corner of Passyunk road and Federal st. belonging to James Enen, Sr. The Coroner held an inquest upon the body. Verdict of the jury, "Frozen to death."

FIRE.—On Saturday morning, about 8 o'clock, the watch and jewellery store of Mr. Smith, at the corner of Second and Pegg streets, Northern Liberties, was slightly injured by fire. The stock and fixtures suffered principally.

MARIAN WILSON.—Marian Wilson, convicted of murdering the old lady, Tamar S. Filbert, was sentenced on Saturday morning, by Judge Barton, to ten years imprisonment in Cherry Hill. The prisoner continued to protest her innocence to the last.

ELECTED BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—The County Commissioners Tuesday morning elected the following officers:—William Gilmore, of Southwark, Chief Clerk; William Hinckle, of Spring Garden, Assistant Clerk, and John D. Hester, Conveyer of Prisoners.

SEVERE ACCIDENT.—A colored woman was admitted into the Hospital on Thursday, having been dreadfully burned by her clothes accidentally taking fire. She resided in Hirst street, where the accident occurred. Little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

ACCIDENT.—One of the members of the Kensington Fire Company was run over by the Engine on Monday night, while proceeding to a fire. His name is George Albertson, and we regret to learn that he was seriously though not dangerously injured.

ALTERED NOTES.—Notes on the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine, skillfully altered from one to five dollars, are reported to be in circulation in this city. The letter S., in the word Dollars, is described as a little out of the true line.

PEAK.—Edward Peak, the individual who obtained considerable notoriety by his marriage with the daughter of James Wood of Chestnut street, died in and was buried from the Blockley Alms House on Saturday.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.—General Gaines lectured on the National Defences, on Saturday evening last, before the members of the "William Wirt Literary Institute." We regret that we were unable to attend.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Tuesday about 1 o'clock was occasioned by the partial burning of a school house near the corner of Brown and John streets, N. Liberties. The fire caught from a stove.

REWARD OFFERED.—A reward of $200 has been offered by Mayor Cannon of the Northern Liberties for the apprehension of Heffron, the supposed murderer of Johnson.

INSOLVENT COURT.—The next term of this Court commences on Wednesday, the 6th day of January, 1841. The number of petitions filed are 226.

Congressional News.

Political Intelligence.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

[illegible] — $2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance [illegible]

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, *free of postage*, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. *Lewis* and M. Mocker.

☞ B. G. Easton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John P. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and [illegible]ham's Magazine.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq of Versailles, Ky. is our agent vice John Anderson, Esq. resigned.

☞ L. Tombins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

SATURDAY EVENING POST

Counting-House Almanac, 1841.

Months	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan'ry.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
Feb'ry.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28						
March.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
April.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
May.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
June.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
July.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
August.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
Sept.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
Oct.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
Nov.		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
Dec.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	

Financial Record.

South Carolina Bank Law.—The Legislature of South Carolina, at its recent session, has passed a law to "provide against the suspension of specie payments, by the banks of that State." The first section of the act declares that the provisions of the act shall be and become parts of the charter of every bank in the State already incorporated, or to be incorporated, which shall accept the same. The second section enacts that every bank which suspends the payment of current coin for its notes, shall become liable to pay to the State, at the expiration of every month after such suspension, a sum of money equal to five per cent. upon the whole amount of its notes, as in circulation at the beginning of the month. This monthly payment to the State of five per cent. upon its circulation, to continue as long as the suspension lasts, or until the said bank shall resume.

John Smith.—This gentleman has been re-elected president of the State Bank of Missouri, by the Legislature of that State. His numerous friends will be rejoiced to hear of his whereabouts.

Latest Foreign News.

Loss of a British Steamer.—The packet steamer "City of Bristol," Capt. Stacey, trading between Liverpool and Cork, was lost in a gale, on Wednesday night, November 24th, off Worms Head, between Swansea and Tenby, on the Welsh Coast.

The vessel struck about 6 o'clock in the evening, on the sands at Llangewith, and foundered almost immediately. All the persons on board, except two, were drowned. The cries of the unfortunate persons were distinctly heard on shore, but it was impossible to relieve them. The vessel was loaded with oats, barley, pigs and cattle. The wreck was complete.

Spain.—The late news from Madrid gives a gloomy account of the progress of events in this distracted nation. Espartero, Ferrer and Cortina have assumed a hostile position, and the Regency is fast falling into general contempt. So much for the governments of Queens and Infants!

Foreign Varieties.

Elopement and Marriage of Miss Maywood.—Miss Augusta Maywood, formerly of this city, but late of the French Opera, Paris, eloped recently with a young musician attached to the Orchestra of the Royal Academy of Music. Her mother not liking the match, despatched the police after the runaways, who were arrested at Bolougne on their way to England. After the fugitives were brought back, a council of the family and friends was held, when it was agreed upon solemn debate, that they might "marry and be hanged"—about each other's neck!—the council wisely concluding that, it was impossible to prevent the union of bodies possessing so much affinity as "music and dancing."

Deplorable.—The Coroner of Liverpool, Eng. lately held three inquests on persons who had died of actual starvation.

A Righteous Verdict.

We learn a suit long litigated was decided on Thursday last, in New York, before Chief Justice Jones of the Supreme Court, by which a Mr. David E. Porter obtained $2500 damages of the owners of the steamboat Samson, the upper deck of which on the 4th of July 1839, notwithstanding the *strong* name of the boat, gave way to the immense weight of the passengers upon it, and maimed Mr. Porter terribly.—When the deck fell, Mrs. Paton crept out, but plaintiff was so much under the ruins that a hole had to be cut with an axe before he could be removed. He was horribly mangled and was perfectly insensible when the boat reached New York. After he had been carried to his residence, he was confined for near a month. During that period he required the attendance of four persons and two physicians. Since then he has been in a state of paralysis, internally and externally, and artificial means obliged to be resorted to, to sustain his life.

Several witnesses who were on board the Samson at the time, gave the jury very vivid description, of the terrific accident. One lady said she went on board with two friends, and thinking that the deck would fall, she left her seat and went forward. Her friend, who did not participate in her fears, took her seat and was killed.

We like to record such verdicts. If the proprietors of steamboats, stages, railroad cars, &c. were made to pay for all the damage occasioned by their cupidity or negligence, we should not hear of so many distressing accidents.

Another Explosion.—We learn from the Mobile Advertiser of the 21st ult. that the mail boat Walker, Capt Otway, the day previously burst one of her boilers near Dog River bar, on her passage from New Orleans to that city. The boat, we understand from a passenger, was proceeding under her usual head of steam when the boiler exploded. We regret to state [illegible] a number of persons were severely injured, some [illegible] whom are not expected to survive. Five, who are [illegible]verely scalded, have been taken to the Hospital. J. S. Hopper, although severely, is not, we understand, dangerously scalded. J. H. Caldwell, Esq. of New Orleans, was on board, and very fortunately escaped with a very slight injury, while a gentleman standing beside him at the time of the explosion was scalded. The Captain and Clerk were unable to give any definite information of the killed and wounded. We have heard of only one killed, but it is probable that some who were severely scalded will die.

Steamboat Accident.—The steamer Panola arrived at New Orleans on the 19th inst., having suffered some damage from fire occurring on board of her, about six miles from Rodney. The flames were soon subdued, but not until the upper works were considerably injured, and some seventy-five bales of cotton lost.

General News.

Counterfeiters.—On Tuesday evening, a man named John Bayliff, was arrested and brought before Alderman Thompson, on a charge of attempting to pass a counterfeit five dollar note of the Salem Banking Company, N. J., on L. A. Hammill, of High street. When he was brought to the Alderman's office, he was searched, and four other counterfeit notes were found on his person. A ten dollar note of the Bank of Baltimore, two three dollar notes of the Cumberland Bank of Princeton, N. J., and a five dollar note of the Salem Banking Company, N. J. The charge being fully substantiated against him, he was committed to Moyamensing for trial.

A man, named Thomas Rodgers, was detected in attempting to pass a five dollar counterfeit note of the Salem Banking Company, N. J., at a grocery store in Southwark, on Tuesday night. He was arrested and taken before Alderman McCall, of Southwark, who committed him to Moyamensing in default of bail.

On Wednesday morning, a boy calling himself John Cullen Beaner, was brought before the Recorder, charged with attempting to pass a counterfeit five dollar note of the Salem Banking Company, N. J. He was committed to answer the charge at the General Sessions.

The Malek Adhel.—We learn from yesterday's Herald, in a letter from the United States squadron at Rio de Janeiro, under date of Oct. 28, that this vessel, which has been the cause of so much surmise and so many reports, has at length been taken as a pirate. She was taken in the port of Bahia, upon the confession of one of the hands as to her character. The letter says:

The prize brig is surprisingly fast, beating us easily with her top gallant sails and royals furled. The following are the officers in charge of the prize:—Lieuts. Drayton (commanding,) passed Midshipman G. W. Doty, and Midshipman Harrison.

The Malek Adhel is 18 months old, built by Brown and Bell, and worth $15,000—has a cargo worth $10,000, and said to have specie on board, to the amount of $50,000, total $80,000—not a bad prize these times.

Distressing Accident.—A young man named William Stephens, met a dreadful end in Louisville on the 15th inst. He was engaged in the paper mill of J. Elliott & Co. and while adjusting some weights which regulate part of the machinery, and, in the position in which he stood, the ends of a black silk cravat which he wore came in contact with a diagonal driving shaft, at a point on a level with his neck. The shaft has but a moderate speed, and must have wound up a part of the handkerchief before the man was aware of his danger, or made any outcry. Upon hearing his cries the rest of the workman rushed to the spot; but he had by that time been completely strangled, and probably his neck was broken. Before the machinery could be stopped the body was carried round the shaft several times. It is hardly necessary to say that, when taken off, life was quite extinct.

Not True.—The N. B. Times says the rumor of the murders of Mr. Rutherford and of Mr. Gilmore happily proves untrue. A gentleman from the neighborhood of the reputed place of discovery of Mr. Rutherford's body, says there is no truth in the report. An old worn out pair of saddle bags has been found, which probably gave rise to the rumor. Mr. Gilmore the partner of Mr. R., extensively engaged in driving cattle, is also safe. He left home with about $3000 to purchase cattle, and is now alive and well, pursuing his business. It is pleasant to efface the record of two supposed crimes, and to lighten the community of so much guilt. The writer conversed with the gentleman who contradicts the murders.

Destructive Earthquake.—A violent earthquake occurred at Zante, on the 30th of October, the particulars of which are given in a late Malta paper. Many houses were overthrown and eight persons buried in their ruins in the city. The number of dwellings which were totally demolished is 240, but all the others, without exception, have been more or less injured; and in the fortress only two or three have been left standing. The damage caused to the country is immense; some villages may be almost said no longer to exist, as only some portions were left to mark the spots that have been inhabited.

A Very Bad Girl.—At Montreal on the 5th inst a girl named Rachel Young was brought up for the fourth time, in male attire, charged with robbery.—The prisoner was neatly dressed in a blue jacket and trowsers. She was sentenced two months imprisonment, and her mother intimated to the Court that if it was possible to extend the period of her imprisonment to the whole winter, she would gladly pay the expense of her board, as the prisoner was so steeped in crime and infamy that she found it impossible to reclaim her.

Lamp Glasses.—A very simple but effective precaution is employed in Paris, to prevent the breaking of lamp glasses by the sudden application of heat. Before they are used, a glazier cuts or scratches the case of the glass with a diamond, and afterwards sudden heat may be applied without danger.

Another, and we think a better mode of preventing fractures of expansion, is to put the glasses in a kettle of cold water, over the fire, and let them remain until the water boils. We have tried and can recommend this process.

Supposed Pirate.—Thursday, a friend favored us with a copy of the Weekly Register, published at Antigua, from which we learn that the schooner John McClung, Capt. Freeman, of this port, arrived at that island on the 23d ult. and reported he had been chased in latitude 21 30, long. 60, by a suspicious looking vessel of Brigantine rig, full of men and supposed to be a pirate or slaver, evidently bound to leeward. The chase lasted the latter part of one day and half of another.

A Caution—*Counterfeits.*—Our readers should look out for counterfeit $5 bills on the Salem, N. J. Banking Company. A large number of these bills have made their appearance in the city and districts within the last day or two. The notes are dated April 6th, 1828, letter A. in each corner on the top, and are signed John Elwell, Cashier, and Calvin Belden, President. The execution of the notes is such as is well calculated to deceive.

The New Brunswick Murder.—Peter Robinson, the prisoner, seems to be awakening to the realities of his situation. His iron temper and disposition begin to yield; and his whole demeanor is more subdued. It appears that he could not muster courage, after the murder, to nail the floor over the corpse, and finally induced one of his brothers to do it on the Monday following.

Duties on Fire Arms in Mexico.—According to official announcement, fire arms and powder are excluded from the Mexican States. That government, to prevent difficulty, will purchase all such as have been imported into Matamoras, and now in the store houses, at the market price there. How uncommonly kind and honest!

Swindling.—An honest stranger in New Orleans, was swindled out of $867, a few days ago, by a couple of well dressed knaves, who discounted his money for him, and gave him a check on one of the banks, in which, of course, they had no funds.

The Weed's Discharged.—Judge Buchanan, of the District Court of New Orleans, discharged the Messrs. Weed's from further custody, on the 12th inst alleging that there was no evidence to show that they had violated the laws of that state, for Maryland.

Prices of Produce at Peoria, Illinois.—Flour, $3,75; Corn, 25 cents; Wheat, 44 cents; Oats, 18 cents; Hams, 6 cents; Eggs, 10 cents; Potatoes, 15 cents; Chickens, $1 per dozen; Beef, 4 cents; Butter 15 cents.

Melancholy Accident.—A Mrs. Murphy, an elderly lady of Hagerstown, Md., lost her life on Monday last, by accidentally falling into a well. The body was taken out entirely lifeless, her head having been crushed in a shocking manner.

"Spread Your Nets with Care."—Three American fishing schooners, the Ocean, Director and Alma have been condemned at Halifax, for encroaching upon the fisheries of that Province, under the treaty of 1818.

Capsized.—A sloop was upset in New York harbor on Wednesday, in going from Staten to Governor's is[illegible]

THE OLIO.

> Variety's the spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.
>
> —*Mad Shrewsbury Poet.*

Not learned yet! but, let me think—
How horrid is the thought—
That eighteen summers have escaped,
And still I am not caught!
And still—and still—"tis like to be,
If thoughts don't calm down soon—
No matter—I'll live on in hope,
At least another moon!

So offer not—ah, what a thought,
For a maiden just eighteen,
With face and form so fleshless too,
As any crow seen;
Ah, wherefore on my keep me pent,
Ah, why this long array?
No man need see this maid but once
To cause the warning day.

DESERTER OF A NORTH CAROLINIAN.—A naval officer who held a civil employment at Rhode Island, during the American war of Independence, and who was of a spare, sinewless figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night, on his return from a visit and sent up in the sentry box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock.

"My good fellow," said Mr. W——, "I have told you who I am, and I really think you ought to take my word."

"It will not do," replied the soldier; "I can by no means satisfied."

"Then," "I hope from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, "it will satisfy you?"

"Why, yes, I think it will."

"And, now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post?"

"I apprehend you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the eleventh yard."

The Thermometer.

A Sermonizer cannot would often angle
In a long term—vents with his dense,
While traveling in town in his contemplation magic.
Almost giving their vitis a sense.

A laughter, then hearing the skin-drawn tan.
Rests out and so long after dark,
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of cloth
And wrote on its palings—Blue Park!!

LOVE.—A writer in the Knickerbocker, thus philosophically speaks of love:—"It is to my mind, a mere disease of the imagination; and if I had the training of it, I should certainly treat it as I would any other inflammatory distemper. Blood-letting, spare diets, sudorifics, &c. depend upon it, all poison in this disease. I say it with perfect doubt it, let him try my remedies and if he fail, he must be cracked indeed. Yet I do not, by any means intend to deny that the lover is himself (as Nature has benevolently provided,) resolutely intent on what is, after all, the very best cure for his passion—possession; for, let him once marry, and if he be not shortly cured his disease would baffle Galen and Hippocrates—nay, old Æsculapius himself. He has it in his power, with his reason, to exchange at any time the pains of the heart for those of the head; and if not wholly to eradicate, at least very effectually to shift the seat of the disease."

Watchmaker Bridges.

As into the Traders' Union, by way of a show.
Our Westminster Bridge stretched five in a row.
"I find for the better," wrapped Dick with a shiver.
"Thus trust by the neck: it may stick in the river."
Quoth Tom, a crusty lawyer, "Absence from sight
As a bridge, it can only be viewed by reflection."

NEW CHIMNEY.—"Don't you want for to sweep your'n?" asked a chimney sweep of a well dressed gentleman.

"*Employ you?*" said the man, "I'm a stranger here."

"No matter for that," replied the sweep, "I think may be you may need my services."

"What do you follow?" inquired the man.

"Sweep's business."

"But I've neither house nor chimney," said the man.

"Well," said the boy, "I thought may be you'd like to have your throat swept: I see you smoke a smoking."

"Get you to—vocal," replied the man, as he flung away a ripe Havana.

To a Turnip.

Honest and James, in taste correct,
Relish their stable pets,
From which a pattern I select
Of innocence and taste.
If you dislike it, you'll not prose
Your tip to Letter's crop;
For, should you quarrel with the Rose,
You'll never make it up.—

WOMEN AND LOVE.—The creativity of women on the subject of being loved, is very great: they often mistake a common liking for a particular regard, and, on this foundation, build up castles in the air, and fill them with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and, when some startling fact destroys the visions, they feel as if the whole universe were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved: but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy, if you cannot keep your heart from loving.

A DEAR WIFE.—Lord W——, was looking very sour and blue at his ball from Madame Catalani Gardens enlarged, and contracted, by her indyship. "W——, my love," said her lady ship in a tone of bewitching softness, "are you angry with me, that you look so very cross?"—"*For them it my dear,*" replied his lordship,—"I find it this moment about the same as that last week."

INFORMATION FOR THEIVES.—A former, some years ago, who had been a good deal plagued to preserve standing his turnips, sowed a bed rofpe in the me of the public, and put up a label with this inscription, "You are requested to steal out of true spot."

There is nothing like a man's being sure of where to dig.

STOPPING A PAPER.—"Stop my paper, sir."

"You, sir—pray may I ask for what reason?"

"Reason, sir!—a palpable neglect on your part. You don't say anything about the moon's first or second quarter."

"O—yes—sorry to say—it tried to snow very hard on Monday."

NEW CHESTER.—A musical friend, being at one of our banks the other day, while the cashier was engaged in arranging a large pile of bills, observed, "I perceive you have your notes before you—what part do you use ?" "*The counter is my part, sir,*" was the ready reply.

"A VICTIM.—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Metaphor?" "Of course, madam." "What should you like to be after death, Mr. M.?"

"A raccoon, madam, that I might inhabit your ladyship's head?"

ACCOMMODATED IN FULL.—Two sailors were sitting on the pinnacle of Saint Paul's drinking grog. "This is meat and drink," said Jack, and full enough heard as he was speaking. "And now you've got your washing and lodging," coolly remarked Tom.

NO OFFENCE.—"Sir, you're a liar and a scoundrel!"

"Ha! what do you mean by that, sir?"

"Oh, no offence whatever is intended, I assure you, my dear sir."

GOOD DEFENCE.—There is a store in London with this notice over it "Lodging," that it done itself up the pipe, then out of the chimney, and finally the house after it.

CAUTION.—"Shall I cry your child?" said the proper officer to one who had lost his young one.

"Hem you, no. As soon as he finds that he is lost, he will cry loud enough, himself."

THREE LIBRARIES.—A lady recently died in Massachusetts, leaving three important legacies, viz. $500 to a society, $100 to a clergyman, and several *poor relations to the community.*

LINES

Occasioned by a visit to SOANE'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS at the Artists' Fund Hall.

Oh what enchanter's hand hath been, with touch of art sublime
To bring the distant and the dead from every age and clime?
There stand in shape are here, with flesh and thoughtful glow,
And clothed with inexpertive glance, that tells of happy days.
And seeking beauty's very self, with radiant brow and eye,
And rosie curls that o'er her neck in rich profusion lie:
And for the brightest, purest glow, that art presents us there
Is woman's fashion figure bowed, in meek and silent prayer.

There too the furious maniac's form, with clenched teeth and hands,
Mid nature's wreck and passion's storm, in wild defiance stands;
And nearer the heart lore pity feels for greatness in decline:
When Wolsey's fallen monarch kneels at sacrosanct's shrine.

Tis thus triumphant genius warms its mind o'er passing life,
Breathing with a potent spell, its sensitive and its mirth
Transfixing passion's wildest wart, to gazed against its stern
And virtue's peaceful smile to cheer the great of after
O. H. C.

December 6th. 1826.

From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for Dec.

Issendorff.

WHO AND HOBLINGEN.—was sind Zu Wenig
Für der Menschen Augen? Ein Ding Solte der Blende
Aufmerksam? und dem beroglichen Grunde!
Ein Ding—Ein Ganz—Ein Rest—Ein Ganz von Meeren
Und Welten.

WHAT are the idle hopes and fickle plans
Formed by mortals, and the heart's fleeting chimera,
Upon fluctuations shifting and unstable!

Frederic von Issendorff was the friend I most valued; I looked upon him with a painful interest, for he was delicate, so melancholy. Deep feeling and noble thought were stamped on his pale and almost feminely-beautiful features. He was of the middle height, slender and graceful, with light hair and pale blue eyes. His very appearance prepossessed you in his favor. Bodily he was not strong, and yet he never complained under any circumstances. He was, proud and sensitive, he was peculiarly alive to slight and injury, perhaps the more so because of his poverty, and inheritance of his lofty and once powerful line, and from the want of physical strength, which sometimes would subject him to insults, from which others would escape. But thus did his mind seclude his body to his will, that the strongest would not resist the fierce and sudden impulse of his anger. He pursued the confining journals of college discipline, but arose superior to them; he did not sink into the gulf of dissipation, for poetry threw a halo around his thoughts, and the feelings of virtue shrined were in his breast. In the middle ages he would have been a knightly troubadour; in the present he was the unrelated, unappreciated member of a society that knew him not—heeds not his mighty talents in obscurity, to die unpitied and unknown.

His companions never liked him, and he was unkindly treated by all,—unkindly as far as they dared,—for they had learned to fear the mighty spirit that seemed standing above them. Yet this prayed upon him. That fiery spirit could not sink and droop,—but its own flames devoured it. It was not in his nature to be happy, for he was, as it were, not a being of this earth, at least not of this age. He was called sentimentality; his high spirit, mistaken pride; his noble bearing, haughtiness,—that not ill, it was remarked, on one whose poverty would force him to fill a dependent and inferior station in life. And there were many among his colleagues, who, rich and influential, would stand above him in after years, and have it in their power to command his obedience.

Haughty spirit, how will them learn to bend to those these sneerers!—to those infinitely beneath them! To those who have guarded before thee, all feeble as them are! Issendorff—much I fear thy noble and gentle heart will be deeply hurt, ere he wounded to the death. Oh! had I the power of a god to bring those who will crush thee to thy feet. Bear up, brave spirit—then sneerer triumph yet, and re-light the star of thy destiny with an immortal fate.

It was with feelings of happy hope that I beheld him form an attachment for a young lady, so remarkable for beauty as for good qualities. She was, in fact, the counterpart of himself; she echoed all his thoughts and feelings, for they were her own. He beheld her sentiments again in hers, though in gentler guise, as the glorious star of heaven sees itself reflected in the unchiding mirror of the sea, so lovely, but more softly bright. They were made for each other, if ever mortals were: it were cruelty to pull them—nay, it were vain, for those two congenial spirits were sure to draw together: even if separated by fortune or by death, they would still be together in their thoughts. Need it be told how passionately two beings like these were attached? Could it be otherwise, when the one was, as it were, the vital principle of the other? They loved—that—that tells it all.

Of the highest birth, her choice would honor the first in the land, and none marvelled when she thought to bestow her young student, unpolished—though he was so highly born as she. An additional dislike was felt against Issendorff from the thought to the poor